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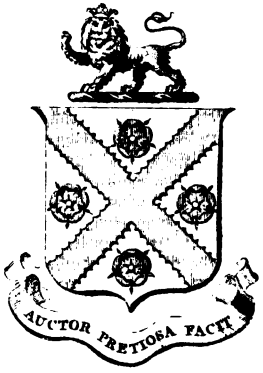

James Lenox.

J. J. Lowe

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

LONDON:

Printed for *J.* and *P. Knapton*, *S. Birt*, *T. Longman*, *H. Lintot*, *C. Hitch*, *J. Hodges*, *J. Brindley*, *J.* and *R. Tonſon* and *S. Draper*, *B. Dod*, and *C. Corbet*.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæſar,
M. Antony,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.
Cicero.
Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.
Papilius Læna,
Publius, } *Senators.*
Flavius,
Marullus, } *Tribunes and Enemies to* Cæſar.
Meſſala,
Titinius, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.
A Soothſayer.
Young Cato.
Cinna, *a Poet.*
Another Poet.
Lucilius,
Dardanius,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius, } *Servants to* Brutus.
Pindarus, *Servant of* Caſſius.
Ghoſt of Julius Cæſar.
Cobler.
Carpenter.
Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Porcia, *Wife to* Brutus.
Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the three firſt Acts, at* Rome, *afterwards at an* Iſle *near* Mutina; *at* Sardis; *and* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* Rome.

Enter Flavius, (1) Marullus, *and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? ſpeak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You, Sir,—What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

(1) *Murellus,*] I have, upon the Authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given this Tribune, his right Name, *Marullus.*

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

(2) *Flav.* What mean'ſt thou by that? mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all, that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradeſman's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day? Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get myſelf into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*?
Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have ſate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the ſtreets of *Rome*:
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores?

(2) Mar. *What mean'ſt thou by that?*] As the *Cobler*, in the preceding Speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this Speech muſt be given to *Flavius*.

And

And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone———
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to *Tyber's* bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*

See, whe're their baſeſt metal be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
This way will I; diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do ſo?
You know, it is the feaſt of *Lupercal.*

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with *Cæſar*'s trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreet:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæſar*'s wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Cæſar, Antony, *for the Courſe,* Calphurnia, Portia, Deciüs, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, *a Sooth-ſayer.*

Cæſ. Calphurnia,———
Caſc. Peace, ho! *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia,———
Calp. Here, my lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonius'* way,
When he doth run his Courſe—*Antonius,*———
Ant. Cæſar, my lord.

Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonius*,
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders ſay,
The barren, touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar, ——
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſc. Bid every noiſe be ſtill; peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the Preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar.* Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What man is that?
Bru. A ſoothſayer bids you beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? ſpeak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; paſs.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and Train.*

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the Courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gameſom; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in *Antony:*
Let me not binder, *Caſſius*, your deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myſelf. Vexed I am,

Of

Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf;
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Caſſius*, be you one;
Nor conſtrue any farther my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.

Caſ. Then, *Brutus*, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, *Caſſius*; for the eye ſees not itſelf,
But by reflexion from ſome other things.

Caſ. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoak,
Have wiſh'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them: or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*

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Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them: or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the People
Chuſe *Cæſar* for their King.
Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think, you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently: (3)
For, let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.
Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the ſubject of my ſtory:——
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once upon a raw and guſty day,

(3) *And I will look on* both *indifferently*;] What a Contradiction to this, are the Lines immediately ſucceeding? If He lov'd Honour, more than he fear'd Death, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal Balance to Death, which is not ſpeaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a Soldier of any ordinary Pretenſion, it ſhould always *preponderate*. We muſt certainly read,

And I will look on Death *indifferently*.

What occaſion'd the Corruption, I preſume, was, the Tranſcribers imagining, the Adverb *indifferently* muſt be applied to Two things *oppos'd*. But the Uſe of the Word does not demand it; nor does *Shakeſpeare* always apply it ſo. In the preſent Paſſage it ſignifies, *neglectingly*, without *Fear*, or *Concern*: And ſo *Caſca* afterwards, again in this Act, employs it.

And Dangers are to me indifferent.

i. e. I weigh them not; am not deterr'd on the Score of Danger.
Mr. *Warburton*.

The

The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, " dar'ſt thou, *Caſſius*, now
" Leap in with me into this angry flood,
" And ſwim to yonder point?——Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſie.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, " Help me, *Caſſius*, or I ſink."
I, as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar*: and this man
Is now become a God; and *Caſſius* is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this God did ſhake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye, whoſe Bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—" give me ſome drink, *Titinius*,——
As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,
And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.

Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a *Coloſſus*; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our ſtars,

But

But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar!* what ſhould be in that *Cæſar?*
Why ſhould that name be ſounded, more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit, as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls encompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his ſtate in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter: for this preſent,
I would not (ſo with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæſar *and his Train.*

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.

Caſ.

Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caſca* by the ſleeve,
And he will, after his ſour faſhion tell you,
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bru. I will do ſo; but look you, *Caſſius*,——
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſar*'s brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in conf'rence by ſome Senators.
Caſ. *Caſca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonius*,——
Ant. *Cæſar?*
Cæſ. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæſ. 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no muſick:
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Train.*

Manent

Manent Brutus *and* Caſſius: Caſca, *to them.*

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Caſca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day, That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.

Caſ. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then ask *Caſca* what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca. Why, *Antony.*

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſca.*

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choaked *Cæſar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But ſoft, I pray you; what, did *Cæſar* ſwoon?

Caſca.

Caſca. He fell down in the market place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling Sickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you and I, And honeſt *Caſca*, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, *Cæſar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſed to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, "If he had done, or "ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their Worſhips to "think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches where I ſtood, cry'd. "alas, good ſoul!"——and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek*.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But thoſe, that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling ſcarfs off *Cæſar*'s Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to night, *Caſca?*

Caſca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ.

Caſ. Good, I will expect you.
Caſca. Do ſo: farewel Both. [*Exit.*
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.
Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeneſs is a ſawce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And ſo it is: for this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Caſ. I will do ſo; till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.
Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet, I ſee,
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From what it is diſpos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humour me. —— I will, this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: Wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And, after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure;
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

Thunder and lightning. *Enter* Caſca, *his ſword drawn; and* Cicero, *meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, *Caſca*, brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?
Caſca. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of earth
Shakes likes a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds

Have

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds:
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons, they are natural:"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange dispos'd time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to morrow?

Casca. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Casca*; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A *Roman.* *Cas.*

Caſ. *Caſca*, by your voice.

Caſca. Your ear is good. *Caſſius*, what night is this!

Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.

Caſca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?

Caſ. Thoſe, that have known the earth ſo full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perillous night;
And thus unbraced, *Caſca*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heav'n, I did preſent my ſelf
Ev'n in the aim and very flaſh of it.

Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods, by tokens, ſend
Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.

Caſ. You are dull, *Caſca*; and thoſe ſparks of life,
That ſhould be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, *Caſca*, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca.

Caſca. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius?*

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors; (4)
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſuffrance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by ſea and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Caſ. I know, where I will wear this dagger then.
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs it ſelf.
If I know this; know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca. So can I.
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the *Romans* are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What rubbiſh, and what offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate

(4) *Have* thews *and Limbs*——] Mr. *Pope* has ſubjoin'd, to both his Editions, an Explanation of *Thews*, as if it ſignified, *manners* or *capacities*. 'Tis certain, it ſometimes has theſe Significations; but he's miſtaken ſtrangely to imagine it has any ſuch Senſe here: Nor, indeed, do I ever remember its being uſed by our Author in thoſe Acceptations. With him, I think, it always ſignifies, *Muſcles, Sinews, bodily Strength.*

So

So vile a thing as *Cæſar?* But, oh grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to *Caſca*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tall-tale. Hold my hand: (5)
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know, by this they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element
Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna,

Caſca. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.

Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?

Cin. To find out you: who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*

Caſ. No, it is *Caſca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.

Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O *Caſſius!* could you win the noble *Brutus*

(5)——————*Hold, my Hand.*] The Comma muſt certainly be remov'd. *Caſca* bids *Caſſius* take his Hand, as it were to bind their League and Amity. So afterwards, in this Play;

Give me thy Hand, Meſſala.

To

To our party ———

Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper;
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers, as you bade me.

Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theatre.
[*Exit* Cinna.
Come, *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthineſs.

Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, BRUTUS's *Garden.*

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius!* ho!——
I cannot by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day——*Lucius*, I ſay!
I would, it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay! what, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my Study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him;
But for the general. He would be crown'd——
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: crown him——that——
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of Greatneſs is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from Power: and, to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel

Will

Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to morrow, boy, the Ides of *March?* (6)

Luc. I know not, Sir.

(6) *Is not to morrow, boy, the* first *of* March?] I dare pronounce a palpable Blunder here, which none of the Editors have ever been aware of. *Brutus* enquires whether the *first* of *March* be come, and the Boy brings him word 'tis wasted 15 Days. Allowing *Brutus* to be a most contemplative Man, and his Thoughts taken up with high Matters, yet I can never agree, that he so little knew how Time went, as to be mistaken a whole Fortnight in the Reckoning. I make no Scruple to assert, the Poet wrote *Ides*. But how could *Ides*, may it not be objected, be corrupted into *first?* What Similitude in the Traces of the Letters? This Difficulty may very easily be solv'd, by only supposing that the Word *Ides* in the Manuscript Copy happen'd to be wrote contractedly thus, *ỹs*: The Players knew the Word well enough in the Contraction; but when the MSS came to the *Press*, the Compositors were not so well informed in it: They knew, that *ist* frequently stood for *first*; and blunderingly thought that *ỹs* was meant to do so too: and thence was deriv'd the Corruption of the Text. But that the Poet wrote *Ides*, we have This in Confirmation. *Brutus* makes the Enquiry on the Dawn of the very Day, in which *Cæsar* was kill'd in the Capitol. Now 'tis very well known, that this was on the 15th Day, which is the *Ides*, of *March*. I ought to acknowledge, that my Friend Mr. *Warburton* likewise started this very Emendation, and communicated it to Me by Letter.

Bru.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelf:*
Shall Rome, ——*ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt: awake.*
Such inſtigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up;
Shall Rome —— thus muſt I piece it out,
" Shall *Rome* ſtand under one man's awe? what!
Rome?
" My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of *Rome*
" The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs, ——am I entreated then
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O *Rome!* I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiv'ſt
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius

Luc. Sir, *March* is waſted fourteen days. (7)
[*knocks within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; ſome body knocks: [*Exit* Lucius.
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I have not ſlept. ——
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Caſſius* at the door,

(7) *Sir, March is waſted fifteen days.*] The Editors are ſlightly miſtaken: It was waſted but 14 Days; this was the Dawn of the 15th, when the Boy makes his Report.

Who

Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When Evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your Rest;
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius.*
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, *Decius Brutus.*
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber.*
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the Clouds, are meſſengers of day.

Caſ. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my ſword, the Sun arifes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high Eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if that the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe——
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes;
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits;
To think, that or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.

Caſ. But what of *Cicero*? ſhall we ſound him?

I think,

I think, he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.
Caſca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O let us have him, for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his Judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leave him out.
Caſca. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar*?
Caſ. Decius, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar*: we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæſar*.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s ſpirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! but alas!
Cæſar muſt bleed for it — And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſs fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which, ſo appearing to the common eyes,

We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not murtherers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæſar*'s arm,
When *Cæſar*'s head is off.
Caſ. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæſar*——
Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf, take thought, and die for *Cæſar*:
And that were much, he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock ſtrikes.*
Bru. Peace, count the clock.
Caſ. The clock hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæſar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
(Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſie, of dreams, and ceremonies.)
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.
Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd;
I can o'er-ſway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Leave me to work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæſar* hard,

Who

Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*;
And, friends! diſperſe yourſelves; but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true *Romans*.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy;
And ſo, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* faſt aſleep? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſie care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Porcia, what mean you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: and, yeſternight at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
Muſing and ſighing, with your arms a-croſs:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour;
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do: good *Portia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholſom bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? no, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I yourſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, (8)

And

(8) ——— comfort *your Bed*,
And talk to you? ———]

This

And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus'* harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed; *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Porcia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.
Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius!* how?
Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,

This is but an odd Phrase, and gives as odd an Idea. The Word, I have substituted, seems much more proper; and is one of our Poet's own Usage upon the like Occasions; which makes me suspect, he employ'd it here.

To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not ſick!

Cai. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of *Rome!*
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an Exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them? What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.

Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That we muſt alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Cæſ. NOR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her ſleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder *Cæſar*." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?——

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Ser. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar?* think you to walk forth?

You

You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to day.

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things, that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen)
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and ſquadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And Ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar!* theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæſar*.

Cal. When Beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taſte of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould fear:
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurs?

Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to day.
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

[*Exit Servant.*

Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,

If he ſhould ſtay at home to day for fear.
No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he.
(9) We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is confum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate houſe,
And he will ſay, you are not well to day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. *Cæſar*, all hail! good morrow, worthy *Cæſar*;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-houſe.

Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to day; tell them ſo, *Decius*.

Cal. Say, he is ſick.

Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a lye?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretcht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæſar* will not come.

Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at, when I tell them ſo.

Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;

(9) *We* heard *two Lions*—] The firſt Folio —*We bears*— The Copies have been all corrupt, and the Paſſage, of courſe, unintelligible. But the ſlight Alteration, I have made, reſtores Senſe to the whole; and the Sentiment will neither be unworthy of *Shakeſpeare*, nor the boaſt too extravagant for *Cæſar* in a Vein of Vanity to utter: that He and Danger were two Twin-whelps of a Lion, and He the Elder, and more terrible of the Two.

That

That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt last night, she saw my Statue,
Which, like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a Vision fair and fortunate:
Your Statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from You great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving blood; and that Great Men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the Senate 'till another time,
"When *Cæsar*'s wife shall meet with better Dreams:
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæsar*; for my dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed, I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go:

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna *and* Publius.

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub

Pub. Good morrow, *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Welcome, *Publius.*
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good morrow, *Caſca*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſie.

Enter Antony.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good morrow, *Antony.*
Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius!*
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you,
Remember, that you call on me to day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar, I will; — and ſo near will I be,
[*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.
Cæſ. Good Friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me.
And we, like Friends, will ſtraightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar!*
[*Aſide.*
The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street near the* Capitol.

(10) *Enter* Artemidorus, *reading a paper.*

CÆSAR, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Caſſius; *come not near* Caſca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *truſt not*

(10) *Enter* Artemidorus,] In the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, thro' all the Editions, *Artemidorus* is call'd a *Sooth-ſayer.* But, 'tis certain,

not Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not*; *thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou beeſt not immortal, look about thee: ſecurity gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!*

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus.*

Here will I ſtand, 'till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar*, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Porcia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, Boy, run to the Senate houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there——
O Conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
How hard is it for women to keep counſel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?

tain, the Poet deſign'd two diſtinct Characters. *Artemidorus* was neither Augur nor Soothſayer. 'Tis true, there was an *Artemidorus*, whoſe Critic on Dreams we ſtill have: but He did not live 'till the Time of *Antoninus*. He likewiſe wrote, according to *Suidas*, of Augury and Palmiſtry. But this *Artemidorus*, who had been *Cæſar*'s Hoſt at *Cnidos*, as we learn from *Plutarch*, *Appian*, &c. did not pretend to know any thing of the Conſpiracy againſt *Cæſar* by Preſcience, or Prognoſtication. He was a Sophiſt, who taught that Science in *Greek* at *Rome*; by which Means being intimate with *Brutus*, and thoſe about him, he got into their Secret; and out of his old Affection for *Cæſar*, was deſirous of acquainting him with his Danger.

Run

Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæſar* doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way haſt thou been?
Art. At mine own houſe, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.
Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?
Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?
Art. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.
Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm intended tow'rds him?
Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear.
Good morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng, that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I muſt go in—aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus! Brutus!*
The heavens ſpeed thee in thy enterprize!
Sure, the Boy heard me:——*Brutus* hath a Suit,
That *Cæſar* will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;

Say,

Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Street before the* Capitol; *and the* Capitol *open.*

Flourish. *Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, *and the Sooth-sayer.*

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæsar:* read this schedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit,
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd,

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the capitol.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, *Popilius?*

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena?*

Cas. He wish'd, to day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cas. *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done, if this be known?

Cassius,

Cassius, or *Cæsar*, never shall turn back;
For I will slay myself.

Bru. *Cassius*, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;
For, look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cas. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With That which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words;
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus*!

Cas. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,

To beg enfranchiſement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true, fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The ſkies are painted with unnumbred ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant, *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd;
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cim. O *Cæſar*———

Cæſar. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Dec. Great *Cæſar*———

Cæſar. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſs kneel?

Caſc. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab* Cæſar.

Cæſ. Et tu, Brute?——then fall *Cæſar!* [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead———
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets———

Caſ. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.

Caſc. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Caſſius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friends of *Cæſar*'s
Should chance———

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius*, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe; ſo tell them, *Publius*.

Caſ. And leave us, *Publius*, leſt that the people,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru.

Bru. Do ſo; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſ. Where is *Antony?*

Tre. Fled to his Houſe amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures;
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant That, and then is death a benefit;
So are we *Cæſar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. (11) Stoop, *Romans*, ſtoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,

(11) *Stoop*, Romans, *ſtoop*,] Mr. *Pope*, in both his Editions, has, from theſe Words, arbitrarily taken away the Remainder of this Speech from *Brutus*, and placed it to *Caſca*: becauſe, he thinks, nothing is more inconſiſtent with *Brutus*'s mild and philoſophical Character. And as he often finds Speeches in the later Editions, he ſays, put into wrong Months; he thinks, this Liberty is not unreaſonable. 'Tis true, a diligent Editor may find many ſuch Errors committed even in the firſt printed Copies; but it has not often been *Mr. Pope*'s good Fortune to hit upon them. I dare warrant, the Printers made no Blunder in this Inſtance; and therefore I have made bold to reſtore the Speech to its right Owner. *Brutus* eſteem'd the Death of *Cæſar* a Sacrifice to Liberty: and, as ſuch, gloried in his heading the Enterprize. Beſides, our Poet is ſtrictly copying a Fact in Hiſtory. *Plutarch*, in the life of *Cæſar*, ſays, "*Brutus* and his "Followers, *being yet but with the Murder*, march'd in a Body "from the Senate-houſe to the *Capitol*, with their *drawn Swords*, "with an Air of Confidence and Aſſurance." And, in the Life of *Brutus*,——"*Brutus* and his Party betook themſelves to "the *Capitol*, and in their way *ſhewing their Hands all bloody*, "and their naked Swords, *proclaim'd Liberty* to the People."

And,

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, " peace! freedom! and liberty!
Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in* Cæſar's *blood,*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?
Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſ. Ay, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of *Rome.*

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony*'s.
Ser. Thus, *Brutus,* did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Anthony* bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*
And being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus,* and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar,* honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſerv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony ſhall not love *Cæſar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus,*
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So ſays my maſter *Antony.*
Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant *Roman;*
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru.

Bru. I know, that we ſhall have him well to friend.
Caſ. I wiſh, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæſar!* doſt thou lye ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?——fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank;
If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As *Cæſar*'s death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reak and ſmoak,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no meane of death,
As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.
Bru. O *Antony!* beg not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee, we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity;)
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar:* For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our arms exempt from malice; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd

The

The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;
Firſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
Next, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand:
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours, now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Caſca*, yours;
Tho' laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all——alas, what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæſar*, oh, 'tis true;
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt Noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*——here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, (12) and crimſon'd in thy death.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

(12) *And crimſon'd in thy* Death.] All the old Copies, that I have ſeen, read, *Lethe*. The Dictionaries, indeed, acknowledge no ſuch Word: and as the *L* might have miſtakingly been form'd from an obſcure *D*, not taking the Ink equally in all Parts, I have ſuffer'd the more known Word to ſtand in the Text; tho', indeed, I am not without Suſpicion of our Poet's having either coin'd the other Term, or copied it from ſome obſolete Author, who had adopted it from the *Lethum* of the *Latines*; which, 'tis well known, was uſed for *Death*, as well as *Deſtruction*, *Ruin*, *Havock*, &c.

How

How like a deer, ſtricken by many Princes,
Doſt thou here lye?

Caſ. Mark Antony———

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius:*
The enemies of *Cæſar* ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæſar.*
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,
Why, and wherein *Cæſar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe this were a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You ſhall, *Mark Antony.*

Caſ. Brutus, a word with you.———
You know not what you do; do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That *Antony* ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By That which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myſelf into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſar*'s death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented, *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Caſ. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you *Cæſar*'s body:

You

You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*;
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conſpirators.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſie,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds;
And *Cæſar*'s ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his ſide come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a Monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant.*

You ſerve Octavius *Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. *Cæſar* did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar!* [*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Paſſion I ſee is catching: for mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Ser. He lyes to night within ſeven leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have borne this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæſar's *body.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and mounts the* Roſtra; Caſſius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. WE will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers:
Thoſe, that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe, that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him;
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of *Cæſar*'s death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their reaſons,
When ſev'rally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* Caſſius, *with ſome of the* Plebeians.

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is aſcended: ſilence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt.

Romans,

Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of *Cæſar*'s, to him I ſay, that *Brutus*'s love to *Cæſar* was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my Anſwer: Not that I lov'd *Cæſar* leſs, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were living, and dye all ſlaves; than that *Cæſar* were dead, to live all free-men? As *Cæſar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond man? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman?* if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his Country? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended —— I pauſe for a Reply ——

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.——I have done no more to *Cæſar*, than you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The queſtion of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, *with* Cæſar's *body*.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his Anceſtors.
3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæſar*.
4 *Pleb.* *Cæſar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.
1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe
With ſhouts and clamours.
Bru. My Countrymen ———
2 *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! *Brutus* ſpeaks.
1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæſar*'s corps, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to *Cæſar*'s Glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have ſpoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.
3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.
Ant. For *Brutus*' ſake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of *Brutus*?
3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for *Brutus*' ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.
1 *Pleb.* This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are bleſt, that *Rome* is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle *Romans* ———
All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your
ears;
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
The Evil that men do, lives after them,
The Good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with *Cæſar*! noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,

[For

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not, to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe:
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon—bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might

Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong:—I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you;
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his Will;
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
For if you ſhould——O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony*;
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
(I have o'er-ſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.)
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men!

All. The Will! the Teſtament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murtherers; the Will! read the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will?

Then

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him, that made the Will.
Shall I deſcend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.
4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.
1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.
2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*—moſt noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.
All. Stand back—room—bear back—
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii*.—
Look! in this place, ran *Caſſius'* dagger through;—
See, what a Rent the envious *Caſca* made.—
Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark, how the blood of *Cæſar* follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no?
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſar's* angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him.
This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the Baſe of *Pompey's* ſtatue,
(Which all the while ran blood,) great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our *Cæſar's* veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

Now let it work; Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt! —— How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſar*'s houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him;
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar,*
And things unluckily charge my fantaſie;
I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a batchelor? then, to anſwer every man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly; wiſely, I ſay —— I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæſar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin.

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is anſwer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his bad verſes.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conſpirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter; his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, firebrands;

To *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s houſe,

And ſome to *Caſca*'s, ſome to *Ligarius*: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a ſmall Iſland near* Mutina. (14)

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

ANTONY.

THESE many then ſhall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too muſt die; conſent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do conſent.

(14) SCENE, *a ſmall Iſland*.] Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope* after him, have mark'd the Scene here to be at *Rome*. The Old Copies ſay Nothing of the place. *Shakeſpeare*, I dare ſay, knew from *Plutarch*, that theſe Triumvirs met, upon the Proſcription, in a little Iſland: which *Appian*, who is more particular, ſays, lay near *Mutina* upon the River *Lavinius*.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* ſhall not live;
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s houſe;
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a ſlight, unmeritable, man,
Meet to be ſent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prickt to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius*: and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds (15)

On

(15) *A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds*
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations, &c.

To

On abject Arts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things——*Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.
Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *before* Brutus's *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, *and ſoldiers:* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. STAND, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!
Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Caſſius* near?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your maſter, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,

*'Tis hard to conceive, why He ſhould be call'd a *barren-ſpirited* Fellow, that could feed either on *Objects*, or Arts: that is, as I preſume, form his Ideas and Judgment upon them: *ſtale* and *obſolete Imitation*, indeed, fixes ſuch a Character. I am perſuaded, to make the Poet conſonant to himſelf, we muſt read, as I have reſtored the Text.

On abject Orts,——

i. e. on the *Scraps* and *Fragments* of Things *rejected*, and *deſpiſed* by others.

I

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* ſhall not live;
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s houſe;
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a ſlight, unmeritable, man,
Meet to be ſent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prickt to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius:* and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go ſo
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one [illegible]

(35) *A barren-ſpi[rited]*
Or Obſ[cure]

o have tempted

my love;

ld be sorry for.
reats;

deny'd me;

han to wring
vile trash,

like *Cassius*?
so?
friends,
erbolts,

ol,
Brutus hath riv'd my

nities,
they are.
em on me.

such faults;
they do

Having

Revenge your ſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!——There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt——within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* Mine, richer than gold;
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Caſ. O *Brutus!*

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think, your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

[*A noiſe within.*

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to ſee the Generals;
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc.

Luc.

Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter Poet.

Caſ. How now? what's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.
Caſ. Ha, ha——how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!
Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.
Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Bru. I know his humour, when he knows his time;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away, begone. [*Exit* Poet.

Enter Lucilius, *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to night.
Caſ. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.
Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears ſorrow better——*Porcia*'s dead.
Caſ. Ha! *Porcia!*——
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: (for with her death
That tydings came) With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?

Bru.

Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius.* [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup!
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.
Bru. Come in, *Titinius*;—welcome, good *Meſſala.*

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Oh *Porcia!* art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.——
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi.*
Meſ. My ſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by Proſcription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſ. Cicero one?——
Meſ. Cicero is dead; and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, *Meſſala.*
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala.*
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Meſ. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.

Bru.

Bru. Why, farewel, *Portia*—we muſt die, *Meſſala*.
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us;
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſ. Hear me, good brother——
Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.
Caſ. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay.
Caſ. No more; good night;——
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown; farewel, good *Meſſala;*
Good night, *Titinius:* noble, noble *Caſſius,*
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls;
Let it not, *Brutus!*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night, lord *Brutus.*
Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here, in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius,* and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. Varro, and *Claudius!*——

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius.*
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, *Lucius,* here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.

Bru.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick and a Song.*
This is a ſleepy tune——O murth'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick? gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
But let me ſee——is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.
[*He ſits down to read.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns!——ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition!——
It comes upon me——Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, *Brutus.*
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?
Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*
Bru. Then, I ſhall ſee thee again.——
Ghoſt. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then.——
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy!

Boy! *Lucius! Varro! Claudius!* Sirs! awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he is ſtill at his inſtrument.
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord!———

Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo cried'ſt out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; firrah, *Claudius*, fellow!
Varro! awake. (16)

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*;
Bid him ſet on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

(16) Thou! *awake.*] The Accent is ſo unmuſical and harſh, 'tis impoſſible, the Poet could begin his Verſe thus. *Brutus*, certainly, was intended to ſpeak to Both his other Men: who Both awake, and anſwer, at an inſtant. *Mr Warburton.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Fields of* Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Octa.

Octa. *Mark Antony*, ſhall we give ſign of battle?
Ant. No, *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome words.
Octa. Stir not until the ſignal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it ſo, countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius.*
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s heart,
Crying, "long live! hail, *Cæſar!*
Caſ. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too:
For you have ſtoln their buzzing, *Antony*;
And very wiſely threat, before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar*,
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caſca*, like a cur behind,
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O flatterers?
Caſ. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank your ſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you, that the ſword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæſar*'s three and twenty wounds (17)

Be

(17) *Three and thirty wounds.*] Thus all the Editions implicitly; but I have ventur'd to reduce this Number to *three* and *twenty* from

Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.
Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canſt not die by traitors' hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus*' ſword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy Strain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.
Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill! ——
Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.
[*Exe.* Octavius, Antony, *and army.*
Caſ. Why, now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Lucilius, ——hark, a word with you.
[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*
Luc. My lord, [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.
Caſ. Meſſala.
Meſ. What ſays my General?
Caſ. Meſſala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*;
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;
And partly credit things, that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands,

from the joint Authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius*: and, I am perſuaded, the Error was not from the Poet but his Tranſcribers.

Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghoſt.
Meſ. Believe not ſo.
Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo, *Lucilius.*
Caſ. Now, moſt noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day ſtand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But ſince th' affairs of men reſt ſtill incertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battel, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together,
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himſelf; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life; arming myſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.
Caſ. Then, if we loſe this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the ſtreets of *Rome?*
Bru. No, *Caſſius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun;
And, whether we ſhall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlaſting farewel take;
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Caſſius!*
If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile;

If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*; ride, and give theſe bills
Unto the legions, on the other ſide. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius'* wing;
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early;
Who, having ſome advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off:
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.
Caſ. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are thoſe my Tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*

Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.
This day I breathed firſt; time is come round;
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run its compaſs. Now, what news?

Pind. [*above.*] Oh, my lord!

Caſ. What news?

Pind. Titinius is encloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur;
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Titinius! now ſome light——oh, he lights too——
He's ta'en——and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*

Caſ. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah;
In *Parthia* did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword,
That ran through *Cæſar*'s bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword——*Cæſar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the ſword that kill'd thee—— [*Kills himſelf.*

Pind. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my Will. Oh, *Caſſius*,
Far from this country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter Titinius *and* Meſſala.

Meſ. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus*' power,
As *Caſſius*' legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.

Meſ. Where did you leave him?

Tit.

EXIT

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*;
But *Cassius* is no more! Oh, setting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius*' day is set;
The Sun of *Rome* is set! our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, *Pindarus?* where art thou, *Pindarus?*
Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit* Mess.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods—This is a *Roman*'s part.
[*Stabs himself.*
Come, *Cassius*' sword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?
Meſ. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius'* face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. Oh *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy ſpirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius!*
Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Caſſius* ———
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, ſuch as theſe?
Thou laſt of all the *Romans!* fare thee well;
It is impoſſible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, *Caſſius*, I ſhall find time———
Come, therefore, (18) and to *Thaſſos* ſend his body:
His funeral ſhall not be in our Camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.
Labeo, and *Flavius*, ſet our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet, Countrymen, oh, yet hold up your heads.
Cato. What baſtard doth not? who will go with me?

(18) —— *and to* Tharſus *ſend his Body,*] Thus all the Editions hitherto, very ignorantly. But the whole Tenor of Hiſtory warrants us to write, as I have reſtored the Text, *Thaſſos.*——*Tharſos* was a Town of *Cilicia*, in *Aſia Minor*: and is it probable *Brutus* could think of ſending *Caſſius*'s Body thither out of *Thrace*, where they were now incamp'd? *Thaſſos*, on the contrary, was a little Iſle lying cloſe upon *Thrace*, and at but a ſmall Diſtance from *Philippi*, to which the body might very commodiouſly be tranſported. *Vid.* Plutarch, Appian, Dion, Caſſius, &c.

I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the ſon of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend.
I am the ſon of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my Country's friend; know me for *Brutus*.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*;
And, may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato's* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.

Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is ſo much, that thou will kill me ſtrait;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We muſt not. A noble Priſoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is ſafe enough.
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelf.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but; I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth; keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And ſee, if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto *Octavius'* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Part of the Field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. COME, poor Remains of friends, reſt on this rock.

Cli. Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord, He came not back, he is or ta'en, or ſlain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; ſlaying is the word; It is a deed in faſhon. Hark thee, *Clitus*——— [*Whiſpering.*

Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myſelf.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius.*

Dar. I do ſuch a deed?

Cli. Oh, *Dardanius!*

Dar. Oh, *Clitus!*

Cli. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus:* look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble Veſſel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; liſt a word.

Vol. What ſays my lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*; The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me Two ſeveral times by night; at *Sardis*, once, And, this laſt night, here in *Philippi*' fields. I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not ſo, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius.* Thou ſeeſt the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.* It is more worthy to leap in ourſelves, Than tarry, 'till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*, Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together; Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee, Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
(19) Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have Glory by this loſing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for *Brutus*' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's Hiſtory.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within*, Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly ———

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmateh of honour in't.
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand firſt ——— fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*;——*Cæſar*, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.
[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucilius, *and the Army.*

Octa. What Man is that?

Meſ. My Maſter's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?

(19) *Farewel to thee, to* Strato, *Countrymen*;] Thus has this Paſſage all along been abſurdly pointed, to the Praiſe of our intelligent Editors. I had corrected it long ago; but am, notwithſtanding, to make my Acknowledgments to an *anonymous* Gentleman, who, unknowingly concurr'd with me; and adviſ'd the Correction of the Pointing, at it is now reformed, by Letter.

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Meſſala*;
The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf;
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou haſt prov'd *Lucilius'* Saying true.

Octa. All that ſerv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala*.

Meſ. How died my Lord, *Strato?*

Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Meſ. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my Maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all:
All the Conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did That they did in envy of great *Cæſar:*
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world; "This was a Man!

Octa. According to his virtue, let us uſe him;
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall lye,
Moſt like a Soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to Reſt; and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ANTONY,

H. Gravelot in Vol: 7. P: 83. G. V.rd Gucht Sculp.

ANTONY,

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. ANTONY.
Octavius Cæſar.
Æmilius Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
} *Friends and Followers of* Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
} *Friends to* Cæſar.

Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
} *Friends to* Pompey.

Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæſar.

Alexas,
Mardian,
Diomedes,
} *Servants to* Cleopatra.

A Soothſayer.
Clown.
Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.

Charmian,
Iras,
} *Ladies attending on* Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony *to* Cæſar, *Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is diſpers'd in ſeveral Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY, AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Palace at* Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'er-flows the meaſure; thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His Captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows and the fan,
To cool a Gypſy's luſt. Look, where they come!

Flouriſh. Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him

The

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpet's fool. Behold, and see.
Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good Lord, from *Rome*.
Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony*.
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powerful Mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that;
"Perform't, or else we damn thee.——
Ant. How, my love?
Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and most like,)
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.
Where's *Fulvia*'s Process? *Cæsar*'s? I'd say, both?
Call in the Messengers; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou blushest, *Antony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsar*'s homager: else, so thy cheeks pay shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers——
Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd Empire fall! here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual Pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind
(On pain of punishment) the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool, I am not. *Antony*
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now

Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: what ſport to night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make it ſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No Meſſenger, but thine;——and all alone,
To night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt, with their Train.*

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, Fame,
Who ſpeaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exe.*

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Sooth-ſayer.*

Char. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Sooth-ſayer that you prais'd ſo to th' Queen? (1) Oh! that I knew this husband, which you ſay, muſt charge his horns with garlands.

(1) *Oh, that I knew this Husband, which, you ſay, muſt* change *his Horns with Garlands.*] Changing Horns with Garlands, is, ſurely, a ſenſeleſs, unintelligible, Phraſe. We muſt reſtore, in Oppoſition, to all the printed Copies,

——*which you ſay, muſt* charge *his Horns with Garlands.*

i. e. muſt be an honourable Cuckold, muſt have his Horns hung with Garlands. *Charge* and *change* frequently uſurp each other's Place in our Author's old Editions, as I have occaſionally obſerv'd in my Notes on other Paſſages. I ought to take Notice, that Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſtarted this Emendation.

Alex.

Alex. Soothſayer,———

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough, *Cleopatra*'s health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage! find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæſar*, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the Lady whom you ſerve.

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen, and proved, a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names;
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. (2) If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And

(2) *If every of your Wiſhes had a Womb,*
And foretold *every Wiſh, a Million.*] *What* foretold? If the *Wiſhes* foretold *themſelves?* This can never be genuine, however

And fertil every wiſh, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.———

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes to night, ſhall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing *Nilus* preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how?———give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuſe it?

Iras. Not in my Husband's noſe.

Char. (3) Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*,——Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune.———O, let him

however it has paſs'd hitherto upon the Editors. It makes the Word *Womb* abſolutely ſuperfluous, if only the telling her wiſhes beforehand would help her to the Children. The Poet certainly wrote,

If ev'ry of your Wiſhes had a Womb,
And fertil *ev'ry Wiſh,*———

(3) Char. *Our worſer Thoughts Heav'ns mend.*
Alex. *Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. O let him marry a Woman,* &c.] Whoſe Fortune does *Alexas* call out to have told? But, in ſhort, This I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a Tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the Obſervation of all the Editors: eſpecially, of the Sagacious Mr. *Pope*, who has made this Declaration, *That if, throughout the Plays, had all the* Speeches *been printed without the*

him marry a Woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee: and let her die too, and give him a worſe; and let worſe follow worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his Grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold! good *Iſis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee!

Iras. Amen, dear Goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen!

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh! here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden A *Roman* thought hath ſtruck him. *Enobarbus*,——

the very Names *of the Perſons*, He believes, *one might have applied them* with Certainty *to every Speaker*. But in how many Inſtances has Mr. *Pope*'s Want of Judgment falſified this Opinion? The Fact is evidently this. *Alexas* brings a Fortune-teller to *Iras* and *Charmian*, and ſays Himſelf, *We'll know all our Fortunes*. Well; the Soothſayer begins with the Women; and ſome Jokes paſs upon the Subject of Husbands and Chaſtity: After which, the Women hoping for the Satisfaction of having ſomething to laugh at in *Alexas*'s Fortune, call to him to hold out his Hand, and wiſh heartily he may have the Prognoſtication of Cuckoldom upon him. The whole Speech, therefore, muſt be plac'd to *Charmian*. There needs no ſtronger Proof of This being a true Correction, than the Obſervation which *Alexas* immediately ſubjoins on their Wiſhes and Zeal to hear him abuſed.

Eno.

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas?*

Alex. Here at your ſervice; my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Meſ. *Fulvia* thy Wife firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my brother *Lucius?*

Meſ. Ay, but ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt *Cæſar:*
Whoſe bitter iſſue in the war from *Italy,*
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt?

Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward; on.——
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear, as if he flatter'd.

Meſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, extended *Aſia;*
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner ſhook.
From *Syria* to *Lydia,* and *Ionia;*
Whilſt——

Ant. *Antony,* thou wouldſt ſay——

Meſ. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's call'd in *Rome.*
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lye ſtill; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.

Meſ. At your noble pleaſure.

Ant. From *Sicyon,* how the news? ſpeak there.

Meſ.

'Till his deſerts are paſt,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his Dignities
Upon his ſon; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main Soldier; whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See, where is he, who's with him, what he does.——
I did not ſend you: ——If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report,
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt, like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo, too far. I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate That, which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
[*Seeming to faint.*
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

Ant.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman? you may go;
'Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.

Ant. The Gods beſt know,———

Cleo. O, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,———

Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?* riotous madneſs
To be entangled with theſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen,———

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;——
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliſs in our Brows' bent, none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heav'n. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.

Ant. How, now, lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in *Ægypt.*

Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a-while; but my full heart
Remains in Uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome.*
Equality of two domeſtick Pow'rs
Breeds ſcrupulous faction; the hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey,*
Rich in his father's Honour, creeps apace

Into

Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. My more particular, (4)
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſalve my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen,
Look here, and at thy ſovereign leiſure read
The garboyls ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt.
See, when, and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices. By the fire,

(4) ——————*My more particular,*
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſave *my Going,*
Is Fulvia's *Death.*]

Thus all the more modern Editions: the 1ſt and 2d *Folio's* read, *ſafe*: All corruptedly. *Antony* is giving ſeveral reaſons to *Cleopatra*, which makes his Departure from *Ægypt* abſolutely neceſſary; moſt of them, reaſons of State; but the Death of *Fulvia*, his Wife, was a particular and private Call, which demanded his Preſence in *Italy*. But the printed Copies would rather make us believe, that *Fulvia*'s Death ſhould prevent, or ſave him the Trouble of going. The Text, in this reſpect, I dare engage, runs counter to its Maſter's Meaning. *Cleopatra* is jealous of *Antony*'s Abſence; and ſuſpicious that he is ſeeking Colours for his Going. *Antony* replies to her Doubts, with the Reaſons that obliged him to be abſent for a Time; and tells her, that, as his Wife *Fulvia* is dead, and ſo ſhe has no Rival to be jealous of, that Circumſtance ſhould be his beſt Plea and Excuſe, and have the greateſt Weight with her for his Going. Who does not ſee now, that it ought to be read as I have reform'd the Text?

That

That quickens *Nilus'* ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well,——
So, *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pry'thee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and ſay, the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my ſword——

Cleo. And target — Still he mends:
But this is not the beſt. Look, pry'thee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word;
Sir, you and I muſt part; (but that's not it,)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) ſomething it is, I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.

Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart;
As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit lawrell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs

Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go: come,
Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæſar *reading a letter*, Lepidus, *and attendants.*

Cæſ. YOU may ſee, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſar*'s natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchſafe to think that he had partners.
You ſhall there find a man, who is the abſtract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem (as the ſpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackneſs;) hereditary,
Rather than purchaſt; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.

Cæſ. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon; and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay, this becomes him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his ſoils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the drineſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,

That

That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And, it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar:* to the ports
The Diſcontents repair, and mens' reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs;
It hath been taught us from the primal State, (5)
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide, (6)
To rot itſelf with motion.

Meſ.

(5) *It hath been taught us from the primal State,*
That He, which is, was wiſh'd until he were:
And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth Love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*]

Let us examine the Senſe of this in plain Proſe. "The earlieſt "Hiſtories inform us, that the Man in ſupreme Command was "always wiſh'd to gain that Command, till he had obtain'd it. "And he, whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low "Condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes "to be *fear'd* by them". But do the Multitude fear a Man, becauſe they want him? Certainly, we muſt read;

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a Favourite to them. Beſides, the Context requires this Reading; for it was not Fear, but Love, that made the people flock to Young *Pompey*, and that occaſion'd this Reflection. Mr. *Warburton.*

(6) *Goes to, and back,* laſhing *the varying Tide,*
To rot itſelf with Motion.]

Meſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompey*'s name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails;—When thou once
Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy Palate then did deign
The roughеſt berry on the rudeſt hedge:
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now)
Was bore ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly

How can a Flag, or Ruſh, floating upon a Stream, and that has no Motion but what the Fluctuation of the water gives it, be ſaid to laſh the Tide? This is making a Scourge of a weak ineffective Thing, and giving it an active Violence in its own Power. All the old Editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no Senſe in that Reading; but the Addition of a ſingle Letter will not only give us good Senſe, but the genuine Word of our Author into the Bargain.

——————Lackying *the varying Tide*,

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the Variation of the Tide, like a Page, or *Lacquey*, at his Maſter's Heels.

Drive

Drive him to *Rome*; 'tis time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i'th' field; and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To front this preſent time.

Cæſ. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewel.

Lep Farewel, my lord:
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.

Cæſ. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian*,——

Char. Madam!

Cleo. Ha, ha——give me to drink *Mandragoras.*

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon.——

Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,——

Mar. What's your Highneſs' pleaſure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Haſt thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What *Venus* did with *Mars*,

Cleo. Oh *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now! ſtands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe, to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, horſe; for, wot'ſt thou, whom thou
mov'ſt?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, "where's my ſerpent of old *Nile?*"—
(For ſo he calls me;) Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon. Think on me,
That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar,*
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt,* hail!
Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony?*
Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl.——His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* ſends
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs. So, he nodded;
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke, (7)
Was

(7) *Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke*
Was beaſtly dumb *by him.*]

Alexas

Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad or merry!

Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' extreams

Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided diſpoſition! Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him; He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe That make their looks by his: He was not merry, Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both. Oh heav'nly mingle! be'ſt thou ſad, or merry, The violence of either thee becomes, So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers. Why do you ſend ſo thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day, When I forget to ſend to *Antony*, Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*. Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*, Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?

Char. Oh, that brave *Cæſar!*

Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis! Say, the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.

Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth, If thou with *Cæſar* paragon again My man of men.

Char. By your moſt gracious pardon, I ſing but after you.

Cleo. My ſallad days! When I was green in judgment, cold in blood! To ſay, as I ſaid then,——But come away,

Alexas means, the Horſe made ſuch a neighing, that if he had ſpoke, he cou'd not have been heard. I ſuſpect, the Poet wrote;

Was beaſtly dumb'd *by him.*

i. e. put to Silence. It is very uſual, as I have more than once obſerv'd, with *Shakeſpeare*, to coin *Verbs* out of *Adjectives*.

Get me ink and paper;
He ſhall have every day ſeveral greetings, or I'll unpeople *Ægypt*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *SICILY.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pomp. While we are ſuitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.
Men. We, ignorant of our ſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My pow'r's a creſcent, and my auguring hope (3)
Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* ſits at dinner, and will make

(3) *My* Powers are *creſcent, and my auguring Hope Says,* it *will come to th' full.*]
Thus the Editors implicitly one after another, with very peculiar Indolence. If one might ask them a Queſtion in Grammar, what does the Relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *Senſe* relate to *Hope*, nor in *Concord* to *Powers*. It is evident beyond a Doubt, that the Poet's Alluſion is to the *Moon*: and that *Pompey* would ſay, He is yet but a half-Moon, or *Creſcent*; but his Hopes tell him, that Creſcent will come to a *full* Orb. To this Effect, therefore, I have ventur'd to reform the Text.

No

No wars without doors. *Cæsar* gets mony, where
He loſes hearts; *Lepidus* flatters Both,
Of Both is flatter'd: but he Neither loves,
Nor Either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.
Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony*: but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſawce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulneſs ———

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius?*
Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous ſurfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear (9)
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er-luſt-wearied *Antony*.

Men.

(9) ——— *But let us rear*
The higher our Opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the Lap of Ægypt's *Widow pluck*
The near-*luſt-wearied* Antony.]

Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing that *Antony* is every hour expected in *Rome*, does not much reliſh the News. He is twice the

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant, they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know,
Be't, as our Gods will have't! it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. GOOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t'entreat your Captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,

the Soldier, (*says He,*) that *Octavius* and *Lepidus* are; and I did not think, the petty War, which I am raising, would rouze him from his Amours in *Ægypt*.——But why should *Pompey* hold a higher Opinion of his own Expedition, because it awak'd *Antony* to Arms, who was *near* weary, *almost* surfeited, of lascivious Pleasures? Indolent and stupid Editors, that can dispense with Words without ever weighing the Reason of them! How easy is the Change to the true Reading!

The ne'er *lust-wearied* Antony.

If *Antony*, tho' *never* tired of Luxury, yet mov'd from that Charm, upon *Pompey*'s Stirring, it was a Reason for *Pompey* to pride himself upon being of such Consequence.

And

And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhave't to day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not, if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*.——
Hark, *Ventidius*.
Cæſ. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,)
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [*Flouriſh*.
Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome*.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit, Sir.
Cæſ. Nay, then——
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concern you not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should

Should ſay myſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?
Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*.
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. (10) Your Wife and Brother
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It muſt not be with this.
Cæſ. You praiſe yourſelf,

(10) ——————— *Your Wife and Brother*
Made wars upon me, and their Conteſtation
Was theam *for you, you were the Word of War.*]
The only Meaning of This can be, that the War, which *Antony*'s Wife and Brother made upon *Cæſar*, was *Theme* for *Antony* too to make War; or was the Occaſion why he did make War. But this is directly contrary to the Context, which ſhews, *Antony* did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the Poet wrote;
—— *and their Conteſtation*
Was theam'd *for You*;
i. e. The Pretence of their War was on your Account, they took up Arms in your Name, and You were made the Theme and Subject of their Inſurrection. Mr. *Warburton*.

By

By laying defects of Judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuſes.
Ant. Not ſo, not ſo;
I know you could not lack, (I'm certain on't,)
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her ſpirit in ſuch another;
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſie; but not ſuch a Wife.
Eno. 'Would, we had all ſuch Wives, that the Men might go to wars with the Women!
Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæſar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: For That you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.
Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.
Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning: but, next day,
I told him of myſelf; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.
Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, *Cæſar*.——
Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him ſpeak;
The Honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing, that I lackt it: but on, *Cæſar*,
The article of my oath——
Cæſ. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.
Ant. Neglected, rather:

And

And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you. But mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my Greatneſs; nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the preſent Need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas*.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of *Pompey*, return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. (11) Thou art a Soldier only; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then: your conſiderate ſtone.——

Cæſ. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæſar*.

(11) *Thou art a Soldier, only ſpeak no more.*] I think, the Tranſpoſition of the *Comma* here is abſolutely neceſſary, becauſe the Remove will give a Senſe which the Context ſeems to require. The Argument betwixt *Antony* and *Cæſar* turns upon high Matters of State; and *Enobarbus* bufily interpoſing with his blunt Reflections, *Antony* checks him, and would ſay, "Don't you "pretend to mix your Counſel in theſe Affairs, that are only "a Soldier, and Action all your Talent.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agr. Thou haſt a Siſter by the Mother's ſide,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*;
(12) If *Cleopatra* heard you, your Approof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæſar*, let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whoſe Beauty claims
No worſe a Husband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe Virtue, and whoſe general Graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæſar* ſpeak?

Cæſ. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would ſay, "*Agrippa*, be it ſo,")

(12) *If* Cleopatra *heard You, your* proof were
Well deſerved *of Raſhneſs.*] But was *Agrippa*'s barely ſaying, that *Antony* was a Widower, any *Proof* that he was ſo? Beſides, will *Well deſerved of Raſhneſs* run, as the initial Part of a Verſe, in Mr. *Pope*'s Ear? If ſo, Emphaſis and Cadence are tuned peculiarly, to his Service. I make no Scruple to reſtore,

If Cleopatra *heard You, your* Approof
Were well deſerv'd *of Raſhneſs.*

I have in a former Note juſtified our Author's Uſage of this Word, *Approof*, i. e. *Allowance, admitting.*

To

To make this good?
Cæſ. The Power of *Cæſar*, and
His Power unto *Octavia*.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment? let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace: and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!
Cæſ. There is my hand:
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen.
Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt *Pompey*,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defie him.
Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. Where lyes he?
Cæſ. About the Mount *Miſenum*.
Ant. What is his ſtrength by Land?
Cæſ. Great and increaſing: but by Sea
He is an abſolute Maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would, we had ſpoke together! haſte we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my Siſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.
Lep. Noble *Antony*, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.
[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

Manent.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas!* my honourable friend, *Agrippa!*——

Agr. Good *Enobarbus!*

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted: you ſtay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there;——Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a flie by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd, indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;

The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd Throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The Winds were love-ſick with 'em; th' oars were ſilver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lye
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony!*

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,

So

So many **Mermaids**, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their Bends adornings. At the helm,
A ſeeming Mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles,
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The City caſt
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian!*

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe intreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* Woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!
She made great *Cæſar* lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* muſt leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.

Mec. (13) If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle

The

(13) *If Beauty, Wiſdom, Modeſty, can ſettle*
The Heart of Antony, Octavia *is*

A

The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bleſt allot'ry to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good *Enobarbus*, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare, but That to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good night, dear Lady.
Octa. Good night, Sir.
Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and* Octavia.

Enter Soothſayer.

Ant. Now, ſirrah! do you wiſh yourſelf in *Ægypt*?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reaſon?
Sooth. (14) I ſee it in my Notion, have it not in my Tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.
Ant. Say to me, whoſe fortune ſhall riſe higher, *Cæſar*'s or mine? *Sooth.*

A bleſſed Lottery to him.] Methinks, it is a very indifferent Compliment in *Mecænas* to call *Octavia* a *Lottery*, as if She might turn up *blank*, as well as prove a *Prize* to *Antony*. Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly conjectur'd, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd the Text: there being as much Difference between *Lottery* and *Allottery*, as between a preſent Deſignation and a future Chance.

(14) *I ſee it in my* Motion, *have it not in my tongue.*] What *Motion?* I can trace no Senſe in this Word here, unleſs the Author were alluding to that *Agitation* of the *Divinity*, which Diviners pretend to when the Fit of Foretelling is upon them; but then, I think verily, he would have wrote, *Emotion*. I am

Sooth. *Cæſar*'s. ——Therefore, oh *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide.
Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæſar*'s is not. But, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee. ——

If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou'rt ſure to loſe: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him.
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Sooth.
He ſhall to *Parthia*;——be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our Sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quails ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to *Parthia*, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receive't. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* meant that the Soothſayer ſhould ſay, he ſaw a Reaſon in his *Thought* or *Opinion*, tho' he gave that Thought or Opinion no Utterance.

Lep.

Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your Soldiers' dreſs,
Which will become you Both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.
Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs.
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. GIVE me ſome muſick: muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love——
Omnes. The muſick, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, *Charmian.*
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*
Cleo. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
Mar. As well as I can, Madam.
Cleo. And when good will is ſhew'd, tho't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſh; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And ſay, ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!——oh times!——
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night

Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
[*Draws a dagger.*
Meſ. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good Madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf,
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt —
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Char. He is afraid to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf: ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If you again ſay, *Yes.*
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lie, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didſt;
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made

A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly: he is married?——
Meſ. I crave your Highneſs' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?——
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt ſure of!—Get thee hence,
The merchandiſes, thou haſt brought from *Rome,*
Are all too dear for me:
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!
[*Exit Meſ.*
Char. Good your Highneſs, patience.
Cleo. In praiſing *Antony,* I have diſprais'd *Cæſar.*
Char. Many times, Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras, Charmian*——'tis no matter.——
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas,* bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia,* her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.——
Let him for ever go——let him not, *Charmian;*
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*
Th' other way he's a *Mars.* Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian,*
But ſpeak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Coaſt of* Italy, *near* Miſenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas, *at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another,* Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. YOUR hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we

Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,)
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? and what
Made Thee, all-honour'd, honeſt *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And That is it,
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whoſe burthen
The angry Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpightful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble Father.

Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land, thou know'ſt,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my Father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent,) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of Pirates; then to ſend

Meaſures

Meaſures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to ſome impatience.——Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' th' Eaſt are ſoft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither:
For I've gain'd by it.
Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard fortune caſts upon my face;
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope ſo, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave, our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd between us.
Cæſ. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.
Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But firſt or laſt, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery,
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæſar*
Grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard, *Apollodorus* carried———
Eno. No more of that: he did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæſar* in a mattreſs.
Pom. I know thee now; how far'ſt thou, Soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four Feaſts are toward.
Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?
All. Shew's the way, Sir.
Pom. Come. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* Enob *and* Menas.
Men. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this Treaty.
You and I have known, Sir.
Eno. At ſea, I think.
Men. We have, Sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land-ſervice; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.
Men. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.
Eno.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No ſlander —— they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Eno. *Cæſar*'s Siſter is called *Octavia.*

Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the Wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Eno. But now ſhe is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius.*

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not propheſie ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band, that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony.* He will to his *Ægyptian* Diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is: He married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt.*

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *on board* Pompey's *Galley.*

Muſick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* HERE they'll be, man: ſome o' their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser. Lepidus* is high colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' Drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th' *Nile*
By certain ſcale, i' th' pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow. The higher *Nilus* ſwells,
The more it promiſes; as it ebbs, the Seedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your ſerpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun; ſo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sirrah, ſome wine! a health to *Lepidus.*

Lep.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemy*'s Pyramids are very goodly things: without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, Captain. And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. Forbear me, 'till anon. [*Whiſpers.*
This wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like itſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Caſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou will hear me, Riſe from thy ſtool.

Pom. I think, thou're mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? be jolly, Lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, 'fore you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pom. How ſhall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the Cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove:*
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors,
Are in thy Veſſel. Let me cut the cable:
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoke on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good ſervice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it: repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus.*

Ant. Bear him aſhoar, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey.*

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas.*

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, *Menas.*——— [*Pointing to* Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man: ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; 'would, it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom.

Pom. This is not an *Alexandrian* Feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the veſſels, hoa. Here is to *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. I could well forbear it;
It's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' th' time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer; but I had rather Faſt from all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, ſhall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our Drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe In ſoft and delicate *Lethe*,

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick,
The while I'll place you; then the Boy ſhall ſing:
(16) The Holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

The SONG.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, *with pink eyne,*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!

(16) *The Holding ev'ry Man ſhall* beat *as loud,*
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.] A Boy is deſign'd here to ſing a Song, and all the Company are to join in the Burden, which the Poet ſtyles, the Holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *Sides?* If they were, at a certain Part of the Tune, either to have clap'd their Hands, or ſtamp'd with their Feet, I ſhould have underſtood this as *Beating*. I am perſuaded, the Poet wrote:

The Holding ev'ry Man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong Sides can volly.

The Breaſt and *Sides* are immediately concern'd in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a Man can.

Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more? *Pompey*, good night. Good Brother,
Let me requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the ſhoar.

Ant. And ſhall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's houſe.
But what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

Men. I'll not on ſhoar.
No, to my cabin——theſe drums!
Theſe trumpets! flutes! what!
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out. [*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo, ſays 'a! there's my cap.

Men. Hoa!——noble Captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Camp in a Part of* Syria.

Enter Ventidius, *as after Conqueſt; the dead body of* Pacorus *borne before him,* Silius, Roman *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus'* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body
Before our Hoſt; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's away.
Cæſar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. *Soſſius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his Favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain; and ambition,
(The ſoldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,

But

But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, That, without the which,
A ſoldier and his ſword grants ſcarce diſtinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony?*

Ven. I'll humbly ſignifie what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well paid Ranks,
The ne'er yet-beaten Horſe of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*; with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with's will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. On there;——— paſs along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Agrippa *at one door*, Enobarbus *at another.*

Agr. WHAT, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are ſealing. *Octavia* weeps,
To part from *Rome*: *Cæſar* is ſad: and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey*'s feaſt, as *Menas* ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæſar!*

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony!*

Eno. *Cæſar?* why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter?*

Eno. Speak you of *Cæſar?* oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!

Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay,——*Cæſar*; go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Antony:*
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think,

Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho!
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder———
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle; ſo——
This is to horſe; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets*.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier, and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.
Cæſ. You take from me a great part of myſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet (17)
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.
Ant. Make me not offended,
In your diſtruſt.
Cæſ. I've ſaid.
Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear; ſo the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends!

(17) *Let not the Piece of Virtue, which is ſet*
Betwixt us, as the Cement of our Love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortune *of it:*———]

There is no Conſonance of Metaphor preſerv'd in the Cloſe of this Sentence; *Love* is here preſented under the Image of a *Fabrick*; and *Cement*, *builded*, and the *Ram* to *batter*, have all an Agreement with this Image: but what Analogy is there to This, in the Word *Fortune*? Or what Idea can the *Fortune* of a *Building* furniſh? I corrected ſome Years ago, in Print, by Conjecture, *Fortreſs*: and, to my Satisfaction, ſo ſoon as I was Maſter of the firſt *Folio* Edition, upon conſulting it, I found, I had ſtruck out the true Reading.

We

Cleo. I think ſo, *Charmian*; dull of tongue and dwarfiſh.
What Majeſty is in her gate? remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on Majeſty.
Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body rather than a life,
A ſtatue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.
Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long, or round?
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For th' moſt part too!
They're fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair, what colour?
Meſ. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill;
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo; I repent me much,
That I ſo harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. O, nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome Majeſty, and ſhould know.
Char. Hath he ſeen Majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend!

And

And ſerving you ſo long?

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian:*
But 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Athens.

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. NAY, nay, *Octavia*, not only That,
That were excuſable, That and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his Will and read it
To publick ear; ſpoke ſcantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me;
When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't, (19)
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I ſhall pray, "oh, bleſs my lord and husband?"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"Oh, bleſs my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it; if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe my ſelf; better I were not yours,

(19) *When the beſt Hint was giv'n him, he* o'erlook'd,
Or did it from his Teeth.]
The firſt Folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. *Thirlby* adviſ'd the Emendation which I have inſerted in the Text.

Than

Than yours so branchless. But as you requested,
Your self shall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war, (20)
Shall strain your brother; make your soonest haste;
So, your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The *Jove* of Power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your Going;
Chuse your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros?*

(20)——————*The mean time, Lady,*
I'll raise the Preparation of a War,
Shall strain *your Brother;*]

Thus the printed Copies unanimously. But, fuse, *Antony*, whose Business here is to mollify *Octavia*, does it with a very ill Grace: and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her, the War, he raises, shall *strain*, i. e. cast an Odium upon her Brother, I have no Doubt, but we must read, with the Addition only of a single Letter,

Shall strain *your Brother.*——

i. e. Shall lay him under Constraints; shall put him to such Shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a Progress against, or to prejudice, Me. And this Emendation is precisely consonant to what *Plutarch* says; that *Octavius*, understanding the sudden and wonderful Preparations of *Antony*, was not a little astonish'd at it, for he himself was in many Wants; and the People were sorely oppress'd with the great and grievous Exactions of Money. For every Person of Condition was oblig'd to furnish the fourth part of his Goods and Revenues; and the very *Libertines* (i. e. those, whose Fathers had once been Bondmen, and were enfranchised) were taxed an eighth part of all their Goods to be raised at one Payment.

Eros.

Eros. There's ſtrange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old; what is the ſucceſs?

Eros. *Cæſar*, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt *Pompey*, preſently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his own appeal, ſeizes him; ſo the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou had'ſt a pair of chaps, no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns The ruſh that lies before him. Cryes, "fool *Lepidus!* And threats the throat of that his Officer, That murder'd *Pompey.*

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæſar*; more, *Domitius*, My lord deſires you preſently; my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to *Antony.*

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Rome.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæſ. CONtemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it:
I'th' market-place on a Tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet, ſat
Cæſario, whom they call my father's ſon;
And all the unlawful iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'ſtabliſhment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Abſolute Queen. *Mec.*

Mec. This is the publick eye?

Cæſ. I'th' common ſhew-place, where they exerciſe.
His ſons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he aſſign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: ſhe
In the habiliments of the Goddeſs *Iſis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſie with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſ. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæſ. *Cæſar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some Shipping unreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone:
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his Change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæſ. Nor muſt he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, *with Attendants.*

Octa. Hail, *Cæſar*, and my lord! hail, moſt dear *Cæſar!*

Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee Caſt away!

Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtol'n upon us thus? you come not

Like

Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come (21)
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtent of our love; which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæſ. Which ſoon he granted, (22)

Being

(21)——————*but you are come*
A Market-maid to Rome; *and have prevented*
The Oſtentation *of our Love, which left unſhewn,*]

This dragging, inharmonious *Alexandrine*, I am perſuaded, is the Manufacture of our Player-Editors. They lov'd a ſounding Word; and ſeeing One that did not ſo fully anſwer that End, and one that they, perhaps, were not immediately acquainted with, they, doubtleſs, took it for an Abbreviation. I dare ſay, the Poet wrote;

The Oſtent *of our Love, which, left unſhewn,*

i. e. The Shewing, Token, Demonſtration of our Love: and he uſes it both in theſe Acceptations, and likewiſe to ſignify Oſtentation. The *Alexandrine* therefore is wholly unneceſſary.

(22)——————*Which ſoon he granted,*
Being an Abſtract *'tween his Luſt and him.*]

Antony very ſoon comply'd to let *Octavia* go, at her Requeſt, ſays *Cæſar*; and why? Becauſe ſhe was an *abſtract* between his inordinate Paſſion and him. If Mr. *Pope*, or any other of the Editors underſtand this, I'll willingly ſubmit to be taught the Meaning; but till then, I muſt believe, the Poet wrote;

Being

Being an Obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.
Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.
Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.
Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' earth for war. He hath aſſembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*,
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger liſt of ſcepters.
Oct. Ay me, moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!
Cæſ. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to Deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods, (23)

To

Being an Obſtruct 'twixt his Luſt and him.
i. e. His Wife being an Obſtruction, a Bar, to the Proſecution of his wanton Pleaſures with *Cleopatra*. And I am the rather convinc'd that this is the true Reading, becauſe Mr. *Warburton* ſtarted the Emendation too, unknowing that I had meddled with the Paſſage.

(23)——————*and the high Gods,*
To do you juſtice, make his Miniſters
Of Us, and thoſe that love you.

Why

To do you juſtice, make their miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noiſes it againſt us.
Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?
Cæſ. It is moſt certain: ſiſter, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'ſt ſiſter!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *near the Promontory of* Actium.

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I Will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.
Eno. Well; is it, is it?
Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? why ſhould not we be there in perſon?
Eno. Well, I could reply; if we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together, the horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear a ſoldier and his horſe.
Cleo. What is't you ſay?
Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,

Why muſt *Shakeſpeare* be guilty of ſuch an obvious falſe Concord? *the high Gods make* his *Miniſters?* He has not writ thus in a parellel Paſſage; and therefore the Abſurdity ought to be laid to the Editors.

Macbeth

Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Pow'rs above
Put *on* their *Inſtruments.* Macbeth.

That

That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us? A charge we bear i'th'war;
And, as the preſident of my Kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundufium*,
He could ſo quickly cut th' *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne?* You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

Cleo. By ſea, what elſe?

Can. Why will my lord do ſo?

Ant. For That he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s fleet
Are thoſe that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought;
Their ſhips are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By ſea, by ſea.

Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted

Your

Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up yourſelf meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.

Ant. I'll fight at ſea.

Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, *Cæſar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?

Meſ. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcried;
Cæſar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible.
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip;
Away, my *Thetis!*

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy ſoldier?

Sol. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Enob.

Sol. By *Hercules*, I think, I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius,
Publicola, and *Cælius*, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar*'s

Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They ſay, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *with his army marching.*

Cæſ. *Taurus?*

Taur. My lord.

Cæſ. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke no battle,
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcroul: our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yond ſide o' th' hill,
In eye of *Cæſar*'s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Canidius, *marching with his land army one way over the ſtage; and* Taurus, *the lieutenant of* Cæſar, *the other way: after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight. Alarum. Enter* Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
Th' *Antonias*, the *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their ſixty, flie, and turn the rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddeſſes,

All

All the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy paſſion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Your ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
(Whom leproſie o'ertake!) i'th' midſt o' th' fight,
(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;)
The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponneſus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſie to't.
And there will I attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cæſar* will I render
My legions and my horſe; ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

Enter Antony, *with* Eros *and other attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; flie,
And make your peace with *Cæſar.*

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myſelf, and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
I follow'd That I bluſh to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint,
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide ſtraight-way:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I've loſt command.
Therefore, I pray you——I'll ſee you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Cleopatra, *led by* Charmian *and* Iras, *to* Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what elſe?

Cleo. Let me ſit down; oh *Juno!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam——

Iras.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſs!
Eros. Sir, Sir.
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled *Caſſius*; and 'twas I,
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war; yet now—no matter —
Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.
Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen——
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me; oh!
Eros. Moſt noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving———
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, *Ægypt?* ſee,
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.
Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' ſtring,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhift of lowneſs; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would

Obey it on all cauſe.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me.———
We ſent our ſchoolmaſter; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine,
Within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, *with others.*

Cæſ. LET him appear, that's come from *Antony.*
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.

Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between th' heav'ns and earth,
A private man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The Queen

Of

Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them Both.
Amb. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands:
[*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promise; [*To* Thyreus.
And, in our name, when she requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus*;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe, how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. WHAT shall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with the Ambaſſador.*

Ant. Is that his anſwer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The Queen ſhall then have courteſie,
So ſhe will yield us up.

Amb. He ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With Principalities.

Cleo. Thy head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him: from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular; his coyn, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's, whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' th' command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone; I'll write it, follow me.

[*Exit* Antony.

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to th' ſhew
Againſt a ſworder.——I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſs!——*Cæſar*, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A meſſenger from *Cæſar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? ſee, my women,——
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare; (24)
Tho'

(24) *Mine Honeſty and I begin to ſquare;*
The *Loyalty, well held to Fools, does make*

Our

Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæſar*'s will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; ſay boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friehds to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæſar* has:
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend; for, as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that's *Cæſar*'s.

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar*.

Cleo. Go on;——right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh! [*Aſide.*

Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,

Our Faith meer Folly: &c.]
If I ſee any thing of the Poet's Sentiment in this Paſſage, Both the Text and Pointing are ſlightly deprav'd; and, I think, I have reform'd Both juſtly. After *Enobarbus* has ſaid, that his Honeſty and he begin to quarrel, (i. e. that his Reaſon ſhews him to be miſtaken in his firm adherence to *Antony*;) he immediately falls into this generous Reflection: "Tho' Loyalty, "ſtubbornly preſerv'd to a Maſter in his declin'd Fortunes, "ſeems Folly in the Eyes of Fools; (i. e. Men, who have not "Honour enough to think more wiſely;) yet he, who can be "ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a Figure on Record, "as the Conqueror.

But conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be ſure of that,———
I will aſk *Antony*———Sir, thou'rt ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Eno.

Thyr. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*
What you require of him? he partly begs,
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
To put yourſelf under his ſhroud, the univerſal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. Moſt kind meſſenger, (25)
Say to great *Cæſar* this; in deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand; tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæſar*'s father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,

(25) *Moſt kind Meſſenger,*
Say to great Cæſar *this in* Diſputation,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:]
Again, the Pointing and Text muſt be corrected. If the Sagacious Editors can reaſonably expound *Diſputation* here, I allow them to ſee farther into a Milſtone than I pretend to do. The Poet certainly wrote, (as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw, we muſt reſtore;)

Moſt kind Meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar *this; in* Deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:
i. e. by *Proxy*; I depute you to pay him that Duty in my Name.

Beſtow'd

Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove!* that thunders.——
[*Seeing* Thyreus *kiſs her hand.*
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach there — ah, you kite! now, Gods and Devils!
Authority melts from me of late — When I cry'd, hoa!
Like boys unto a muſs, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and ſtars! ——
Whip him: —— Were't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of She here, (what's her name,
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?*) — whip him, fellows —
'Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr Mark Antony ——
Ant. Tug him away; being whip'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæſar*'s ſhall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thyreus.
You were half blaſted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord, ——
Ant. You have been a boggler ever.

But

But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
(Oh miſery on't!) the wiſe Gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead *Cæſar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey*'s; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſtred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For, I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!——O that I were
Upon the hill of *Baſan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have ſavage cauſe!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Ser. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæſar* in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake to look on't.—Go, get thee back to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: For he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And, at this time, moſt eaſie 'tis to do't:
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,

Have

Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou :———
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.———

Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life? the next *Cæſario* ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
(26) By the diſcandying of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*,
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too

(26) *By the* diſcattering *of this pelletted Storm,*] This Reading we owe firſt, I preſume, to Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope* has very faithfully fall'n into it. The old *Folio's* read, *diſcandering*: from which Corruption both Dr. *Thirlby* and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the Word with which I have reform'd the Text. *Cleopatra*'s Wiſh is this; that the Gods would engender Hail, and poiſon it; and that as it fell upon her and her Subjects, and melted, their Lives might determine, as That diſſolv'd and diſcandied: the congealing of the Water into Hail he metaphorically calls *candying*; and it is an Image he is fond of, in ſeveral other paſſages.

Have knit again, and float, threatning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhould return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when my hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome lives
Of me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;
I had thought, t'have held it poor: But ſince my lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them, and to night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my Queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning; to be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and, I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart; when valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with: I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas, *with their Army.* Cæſar *reading a Letter.*

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt.* My meſſenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to *Antony.* Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. *Cæſar* muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his diſtraction: never anger
Made good guard for itſelf.
Cæſ. Let our beſt heads
Know that to morrow the laſt of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
And feaſt the army; we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Antony!*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.*
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He's

He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll ſtrike, and cry, "take all.

Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my houſhold ſervants, let's to night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've ſerv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks, which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,———
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay 'till death:
Tend me to night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, Sir,

To

To give them this diſcomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grows where thoſe drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake to' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Court of Guard before the Palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* BRother, good night: to morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour; good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you, good night, good night.
[*They place themſelves in every corner of the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Here, we; and if to morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the haut boys is under the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Muſick i' th' air.———
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.———
It ſignes well, does it not?
2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay: what ſhould this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who lov'd *Antony*,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
2 *Sold.* How now, maſters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter,
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
Omnes. Content: 'tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. EROS, mine armour, *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on?
If fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony.*
What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—falſe, falſe; this, this;—
Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now;
Seeſt thou, my good fellow? Go put on thy defences.
Eno. Briefly, Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, 'till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, *Eros*; and my Queen's a ſquire
More tight at this than thou; diſpatch. O love!
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't. *Enter*

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him, that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.
Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. *Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair; good morrow, General!
All. Good morrow, General!
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; come, give me that,—this way——well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a ſoldier's kiſs; rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful cheek it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel. You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you to retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, *Antony*,——but now,——well on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Camp.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony, *and* Eros; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. (27) THE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*

Ant.

(27) Eros. *The Gods make This a happy Day to* Antony!] ('Tis evident, as Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe conjectur'd, by what *Antony* imme-

Ant. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from *Cæſar*'s camp
Say, "I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæſar*.
Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his treaſure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will ſubſcribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men! diſpatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp*.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, *with* Enobarbus, *and* Dolabella.

Cæſ. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it ſo known.
Agr. Cæſar, I ſhall.
Cæſ. The time of univerſal Peace is near;
Prove this a proſp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

immediately replies, that this Line ſhould not be placed to *Eros*, but to the Soldier, who, before the Battle of *Actium*, adviſ'd *Antony* to try his Fate at Land.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæſ. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;
Plant thoſe, that have revolted, in the Van,
That *Antony* may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perſuade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelf to *Cæſar*,
And leave his maſter *Antony*. For this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the reſt,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
His bounty over plus. The meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true; beſt, you ſee ſafe't the bringer
Out of the hoſt: I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't myſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am ſo moſt. O *Antony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!——no, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. RETire, we have engag'd our ſelves too far! *Cæſar* himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed; Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T, But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Entor Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs, And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind; 'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony *again in a March,* Scarus *with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; (28) run one before, And let the Queen know of our Geſts; to morrow, Before

(28) ——— *run One before,*

And let the Queen know of our Gueſts.] What *Gueſts* was the Queen to know of? *Antony* was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a Word of marching to *Alexandria*, and

Before the ſun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've ſhewn yourſelves all
Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand,
[*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Faiery I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o'th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man.
(29) Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;
Kiſs

and treating his Officers in the Palace. We muſt reſtore, as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe preſcribes;

And let the Queen know of our Geſts.

i. e. *res geſta*; our Feats, our glorious Actions. It is a Term, that frequently occurs in *Chaucer*; and, after him, in *Spencer*; nor did it ceaſe to be current for ſome time after our Author's Days.

(29) *Commend unto his Lips thy* favouring *Hand*.] *Antony* is here recommending One of his Captains, who had fought valiantly, to *Cleopatra*; and deſires, he may have the Grace of kiſſing her Hand. But why, *favouring* Hand? He did not want his Captain to grow in Love with his Miſtreſs, on Account of

Kiſs it, my warrior: he hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phœbus'* Car.——Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we would all ſup together;
And drink carowſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Enobarbus *follows.*

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' Court of Guard; the night
Is ſhiny, and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By th' ſecond hour i'th' morn.
1 *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to's.
Eno. O bear me witneſs, night!
2 *Watch.* What man is this?
1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record

of the Flavour and Luſciouſneſs of her Hand; but only to have a Reward of Honour from the Queen for his good Service. I therefore believe, the Poet wrote;

Commend unto his Lips thy favouring *Hand:*

Tho' none of the printed Copies countenance this Reading, yet nothing is more common at Preſs than for an *ſ* to uſurp the place of an *f*, and ſo *vice verſâ*.

Bear

Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. Enobarbus?
3 *Watch.* Peace; hark further.
Eno. Oh ſovereign Miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*
1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.
Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar.*
2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.
Cent. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.
1 *Watch.* Go we to him.
2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.
1 *Watch.* Hear you, Sir?
Cent. The hand of death has raught him.
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.
2 *Watch.* Come on then, he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. THEIR preparation is to day by ſea,
We pleaſe them not by land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would, they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the City
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar *and his Army.*

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a ſea-fight.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all,
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts. The Augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant and dejected; and by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL's loſt! this foul *Egyptian* hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh, Sun, thy uprife ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here

Do

Do we ſhake hands—all come to this!——the hearts,
(30) That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh, this falſe ſoul of *Ægypt*! this gay Charm,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whoſe boſom was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gipſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loſs.
What, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou ſpell! avant.——
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Love?
Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting *Plebeians*;
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex. Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;
[*Exit* Cleopatra.
If it be well to live. But better 'twere,

(30)——*The Hearts*,
That pannell'd *me at Heels*, &c.] *Pannelling at Heels* muſt mean here, *following*: but where was the Word ever found in ſuch a Senſe? *Pannel*, ſignifies but three Things, that I know, in the *Engliſh* Tongue, none of which will ſuit with the Alluſion here requiſite; *viz.* That Roll, or Schedule of Parchment on which the Names of a Jury are enter'd, which therefore is call'd *empannelling*; a Pane, or Slip of Wainſcot; and a Pack-ſaddle for Beaſts of Burden. The Text is corrupt, and *Shakeſpeare* muſt certainly have wrote;
That pantler'd me at Heels;
i. e. run after Me like Footmen, or *Pantlers*; which Word originally ſignified, the Servants who have the Care of the Bread, but is uſed by our Poet for a menial Servant in general, as well as in its native Acceptation. Mr. *Warburton*.

Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa!
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' Moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The Witch ſhall die;
To the young *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot: ſhe dies for't. *Eros*, hoa! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield; the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.
Char. To th' Monument,
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you're dead:
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than Greatneſs going off.
Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony*;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th' Monument. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Antony, *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.
Eros. Ay, noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black Veſper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my Lord.
Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought
The Rack diſſimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.

Eros.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, (for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, *Eros*, has
Packt cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph ———
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
My Miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, ſawcy Eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betray'd me,
And ſhe ſhall die the death.

Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing Groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; ſhe rendred life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we muſt ſleep; that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit* Mardian.
Off, pluck off; ———
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe! apace, *Eros*, apace.

No more a Soldier——bruiſed pieces, go;
[*Unarming himſelf.*
You have been nobly borne;——from me a while——
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince the torch is out,
Lye down and ſtray no farther. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength; ſeal then, and all is done.
Eros!——I come, my Queen——*Eros!*——ſtay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the Ghoſts gaze;
Dido and her *Æneas* ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.——Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back,
With ſhips made cities; condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
"I'm conqueror of myſelf." Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace
And horrour, that on my command thou then
Would'ſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do That, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd

To

To penetrative shame: whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar*, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. ——— [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.

Eros. My dear Maſter,
My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man, ——— and farewel.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I ſtrike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why, there then ——— [Eros *kills himſelf.*
Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow
Of *Antony*'s death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A Nobleneſs in Record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his ſword.*
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead? ——
The Guard — ho! ——— oh, diſpatch me.

Enter Dercetas, *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is faln.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him, that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to *Cæſar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord.
My Miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophe-
ſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw,
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's Guard. The Guard, what, hoa!
Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp Fate
To grace it with your ſorrows. Bid That welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE *changes to a magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras, *above.*

Cleo. O H *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No; I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other ſide your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O thou Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o' th' world! O *Antony!*

Help, *Charmian*; help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace.
Not *Cæsar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying; only yet
(31) I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.
Cleo. I dare not,
(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not;)
Left I be taken; not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,

(31) *I here importune Death a while, until*
Of many thousand Kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy Lips.
Cleo. *I dare not, dear,*
Dear my Lord, pardon; I dare not,
Left I be taken.] What curious hobbling Versification do we encounter here in the last Line but one? Besides, how inconsistently is the Lady made to reply? *Antony* says, he only holds Life, 'till he can give her one last Kiss: and She cries, She dares not: What dares she not do? Kiss *Antony*? But how should she? She was above look'd in her Monument; and He below, on the Outside of it. With a very slight Addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a Warrant from *Plutarch* for it into the Bargain.

Now *Plutarch* says that "*Antony* was carried in his Men's "Arms *into the Entry* of the *Monument*: Notwithstanding, *Cleo*-"*patra* would not *open the Gates*, but *came to the high Windows*, "and cast out certain Chains and Ropes, &c."——So that *Antony* might very reasonably desire her to come down; and She as reasonably excuse herself, for fear of being insnared by *Cæsar*.

Demuring

Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*.
Help me, my women; we muſt draw thee up——
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's ſport indeed!——how heavy weighs my Lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The ſtrong-wing'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little,——
Wiſhers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——
[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou haſt liv'd;
Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying;
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety——oh——

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt;
None about *Cæſar*.

Ant. The miſerable change, now at my end,
Lament, nor ſorrow at; but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greateſt prince o' th' world,
The nobleſt once; and do not now baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman: A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more—— [Antony *dies*.

Cleo. Nobleſt of men!——woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is

No

No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women!
The crown o' th' earth doth melt—my Lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. Oh, quietneſs, Lady!

Iras. She's dead too, our ſovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam———

Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empreſs!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but a meer woman, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares!—It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at the injurious Gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but naught:
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian?*
My noble girls?—ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out—good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But reſolution, and the brieſeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, Cæſar's *Camp.*

(32) *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, *and Train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.
Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. (33) [*Exit* Dolabella.

(32) *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and MENAS.] But *Menas* and *Menocrates*, we may remember, were the two famous Pirates link'd with *Sextus Pompeius*, and who aſſiſted him to infeſt the *Italian* Coaſt. We no where learn, expreſly in the Play, that *Menas* ever attach'd himſelf to *Octavius*'s Party. Notwithſtanding the old *Folio's* concur in marking the Entrance thus, yet in the two places in the Scene, where this Character is made to ſpeak, they are mark'd in the Margin, MEC. ſo that, as Dr. *Thirlby* ſagaciouſly conjectur'd, we muſt caſhier *Menas*, and ſubſtitute *Mecænas* in his Room. *Menas*, indeed, deſerted to *Cæſar* no leſs than twice, and was preferr'd by him. But then we are to conſider, *Alexandria* was taken, and *Antony* kill'd himſelf, *Anno* U. C. 723. *Menas* made the ſecond Revolt over to *Auguſtus*, U. C. 717: and the next Year was ſlain at the Siege of *Belgrade* in *Pannonia*, five Years before the Death of *Antony*.

(33) Dol. Cæſar, *I ſhall.*] I make no Doubt, but it ſhould be mark'd here, that *Dolabella* goes out. 'Tis reaſonable to imagine, he ſhould preſently depart, upon *Cæſar*'s Command; ſo that the Speeches, placed to him in the Sequel of this Scene, muſt be transferr'd to *Agrippa*, or he is introduced as a Mute. Beſides, that *Dolabella* ſhould be gone out, appears from This, that when *Cæſar* asks for him, he recollects that he had ſent him on Buſineſs.

Enter

Enter Dercetas, *with the ſword of* Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæſar*: If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, oh, *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets, and citizens
Into their dens——The death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, *Cæſar*,
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf-hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.
Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends:——
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To waſh the eyes of Kings!
Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perfiſted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.
Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.

Mec.

Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.

Cæſ. O *Antony!*
I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, ſhould have divided
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon.——
The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays. Whence are you?

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, (her monument)
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro-

Pro. *Cæſar*, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.
Cæſ. *Gallus*, go you along;—where's *Dolabella*,
To ſecond *Proculeius!* [*Exit* Gallus.
All. *Dolabella!*
Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus, *above.*

Cleo. MY deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar*:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her Will, and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the Dugg:——
The beggar's nurſe, and *Cæſar*'s.——

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends Greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.
Cleo. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a Kingdom; if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I

Will

Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fal'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqu'ror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here* Gallus, *and Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder, and enter at a back Window.*

Gall. You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd. (34)

Pro. Guard her, 'till *Cæsar* come.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, Queen.——

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

[*The Monument is open'd*; Proculeius *rushes in, and disarms the Queen.*

(34) Char. *You see how easily she may be surpriz'd,*] Here *Charmian*, who is so faithful as to die with her Mistress, by the stupidity of the Editors is made to countenance and give Directions for her being surpriz'd by *Cæsar*'s Messengers. But this Blunder is for want of knowing, or observing, the historical Fact. When *Cæsar* sent *Proculeius* to the Queen, he sent *Gallus* after him with new Instructions: and while one amused *Cleopatra* with Propositions from *Cæsar*, thro' Cranies of the Monument; the other scaled it by a Ladder, entred at a Window backward, and made *Cleopatra*, and those with her, Prisoners. I have reformed the Passage therefore, (as, I am perswaded, the Author design'd it;) from the Authority of *Plutarch*.

Pro.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish.

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His Nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars,

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's Court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Egypt*
Be gentle Grave unto me! rather on *Nilus* mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My Country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master *Cæsar* knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her;
To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Dol. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein ſtuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted (35)
The little O o'th'Earth.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature! ——

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the Orb,
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty, (36)
There

(35) *A Sun and Moon which kept their Courſe, and lighted*
The little o' th' Earth.
Dol. —— *Moſt ſovereign Creature!*
What a bleſſed limping Verſe theſe two *Hemiſtichs* give us! Had none of the Editors an Ear to find the Hitch in its Pace; 'Tis true there is but a Syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a ſingle Letter; which the firſt Editors not underſtanding, learnedly threw it out as a Redundance. I reſtore,
The little O o'th' Earth:
i. e. the little Orb or Circle. And 'tis plain, our Poet in other Paſſages chooſes to expreſs himſelf thus.

(36) —— *For his Bounty,*
There was no Winter in't: an Antony *it was,*
That grew the more by reaping.
There was certainly a Contraſt, both in the Thought and Terms, deſign'd here, which is loſt in an accidental Corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll ven-

There was no winter in't: An Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra ———

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff
To vye ſtrange forms with Fancy, yet t'imagine (37)
An *Antony* were Nature's Prize 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loſs is as your ſelf, great: and you bear it,
As anſw'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what *Cæſar* means to do with me?

venture, by a very eaſy Change, to reſtore an exquiſite fine Alluſion: and which carries its Reaſon with it too, why there was no *Winter* (i. e. no Want, Bareneſs,) in his Bounty.

———*For his Bounty,*
There was no Winter *in't: an* Autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take Notice, that the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſtarted this very Emendation, and had mark'd it in the Margin of his Book. The Reaſon of the Depravation might eaſily ariſe from the great Similitude of the two Words in the old way of ſpelling, *Antonie* and *Autumne*.

(37) ———*Yet t'imagine*
An Antony *were Nature's* piece, *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning Shadows quite.]

The pointing of this obſcure Paſſage was rectified, and the changing of *Piece* into *Prize* made, by Mr. *Warburton*.

Dol.

Dol. I'm loth to tell you, what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable——
Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.
All. Make way there, —— *Cæsar.*
Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, *and Attendants.*
Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise, rise, *Ægypt.*
Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts;
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you relie. I'll take my leave.——
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the brief of mony, plate, and jewels

I am poſſeſt of — 'tis exactly valued, (38)
Not petty things omitted ——— where's *Seleucus?*
Sel. Here, Madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus.*
Sel. Madam, I had rather ſeal my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed,
Cleo. See, *Cæſar!* Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave of no more Truſt
Than love that's hir'd — What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe!
Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,

(38) ——— *'Tis exactly valued,*
Not petty Things admitted.]

Sagacious Editors! *Cleopatra* gives in a Liſt of her Wealth, ſays, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this Liſt: and then ſhe appeals to her Treaſurer, to vouch, that ſhe has reſerv'd nothing to herſelf. Nay; and when he betrays her in this Point, ſhe is reduced to the ſhift of exclaiming againſt the Ingratitude of Servants to a Prince in his Decline, and of making Apologies for having ſecreted certain Trifles. What Conſiſtency is there in ſuch a Conduct? And who does not ſee, that we ought to read?

——— *'Tis exactly valued;*
Not petty Things omitted.

For this Declaration lays open her Fulſhood; and makes her angry, when her Treaſurer detects her in a direct Lye.

Doing

Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo weak, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch Dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods! —— it ſmites me
Beneath the Fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; ——
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through th' aſhes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldſt have mercy on me.

Cæſ. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be't known, that we the Greateſt are miſthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd nor what acknowledg'd,
Put We i'th' roll of Conqueſt, ſtill be't yours;
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your priſons; no, dear Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelf ſhall give us counſel: feed, and ſleep.
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we may remain your friend; and ſo adieu.

Cleo. My maſter, and my lord!

Cæſ. Not ſo:——adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to my ſelf.
But hark thee, *Charmian*. [*Whiſpers* Charmian.

Iras. Finiſh, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Cleo. Hie thee again. ——
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit* Charm.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?
Char. Behold, Sir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your Command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before;
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen; I muſt attend on *Cæſar*. [*Exit*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſie aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras*: ſawcy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatneſs,
I'th' poſture of a whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never ſee, it; for, I'm ſure, my nails

Are

Are ſtronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way (39)
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt aſſur'd intents. Now, *Charmian:*

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go——
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll diſpatch indeed;
And when thou'ſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till dooms-day—bring our Crown, and all.
[*A noiſe within.*
Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[*Exit Guardſman.*
May do a noble deed!——he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

(39)——————*Why, that's the way*
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd *Intents.*]
As plauſible as this Epithet may at firſt Glance appear, I have great Suſpicions of it. Why ſhould *Cleopatra* call *Cæſar*'s Deſigns abſurd? She could not think his Intent of carrying her in Triumph, ſuch, with regard to his own Glory: and her finding an Expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think, the Poet wrote;
——————*and to conquer*
Their moſt aſſur'd *Intents.*
i. e. the purpoſes, which they are moſt determin'd to put in practice; make Themſelves moſt ſure of accompliſhing.

Enter Guardſman, *and* Clown *with a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lie, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt! truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' th' worm: but he, that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do: but this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted but in the keeping of wiſe people: for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think, I am ſo ſimple, but I know, the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whoreſon devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown.

Clown. Yes, forſooth, I wiſh you joy o' th' worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown; I have
Immortal Longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick——methinks, I hear
Antony call, I ſee him rowſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the Gods give men
T' excuſe their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage proves my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So——have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel.
[*Applying the aſp.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fall? [*To* Iras.
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras *dies.*

Char. Diſſolve, thick Cloud, and rain, that I may ſay,
The Gods themſelves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me baſe——
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
[*To the ſerpent.*
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and diſpatch. Oh, could'ſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* aſs,
Unpolicied!

Char. Oh eaſtern ſtar!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,

O *Antony!*——Nay, I will take thee too———(40)
[*Applying another aſp to her arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay——— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? ſo, fare thee well:
Now, boaſt thee, Death, in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd——Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! your Crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play———

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæſar* hath ſent———
[Charmian *applies the aſp.*

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.
Oh, come apace, diſpatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæſar*'s beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian?* is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal Kings.
Ah, ſoldiers!——— [Charmian *dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyſelf art coming

(40) *O* Antony! *nay I will take* thee *too.*] As there has been hitherto no Break in this Verſe, nor any marginal Direction, *Thee* neceſſarily muſt ſeem to refer to *Antony*. But 'tis certain, *Cleopatra* is here deſign'd to apply one Aſpick to Her Arm, as ſhe had before clap'd One to her Breaſt. And the laſt Speech of *Dolabella* in the Play is a Confirmation of This.

Here, on her Breaſt,
There is a Vent of Blood, and ſomething blown;
The like is on her Arm.

To

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar.*

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths? —
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then!

1 *Gen.* Oh *Cæsar!*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail;
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' aspick leaves upon the caves of *Nile.*

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easie ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her *Antony.*
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is

No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to *Rome:* come, *Dolabella*, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

CYMBE-

H. Gravelot in Vol: 7. P: 199. G. V.t Gucht Scul

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britaine.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the Princeſs, and privately married to her.*
Guiderius, } *Diſguis'd under the names of* Paladour *and*
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *ſuppoſed Sons to* Belarius.
Belarius, *a baniſh'd Lord, diſguis'd under the name of* Morgan.
Philario, *an* Italian, *Friend to* Poſthumus.
Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *Ambaſſador from* Rome.
Piſanio, *Servant to* Poſthumus.
A French *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline, *by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Britaine; *ſometimes in* Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

OU do not meet a man, but frowns: Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom, (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She's wedded; ——
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look) but hath a heart that is

Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why ſo?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miſs'd the Princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and, he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore baniſh'd) is a creature ſuch,
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himſelf;
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did join his honour
Againſt the *Romans*, with *Caſſibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand: For which, their father,
(Then old and fond of iſſue) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Poſthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts him to all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.
His ſpring became a harveſt: liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his miſtreſs,

(For

(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it;) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' th' ſwathing cloaths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them,——

1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen and Princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, *and attendants.*

Queen. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: You're my priſ'ner, but
Your goaler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, *Poſthumus,*
So ſoon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

Poſt. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
I will from hence to day.

Queen.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections: though the King
Hath charg'd, you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Diſſembling courteſie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds! My deareſt husband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reſerv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

Poſt. My Queen! my Miſtreſs!
O lady, weep no more, leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'ſt husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My reſidence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure——yet I'll move him
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Poſt. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathneſs to depart would grow:——adieu!

Imo. Nay, ſtay a little——
Were you but riding forth to air yourſelf,
Such Parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Poſt.

Poſt. How, how, another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While ſenſe can keep thee on! and Sweeteſt, Faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this faireſt priſ'ner.
Imo. O, the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

Enter Cymbeline, *and Lords.*

Poſt. Alack, the King!
Cym. Thou baſeſt Thing, avoid; hence, from my ſight!
If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.
Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.
Cym. O diſloyal thing, (2)

That

(2) *O diſloyal Thing,*
That ſhould'ſt repair my Youth, thou heap'ſt
A Year's Age on me.]
The King lov'd his Daughter, and was much vex'd and diſappointed at her having married againſt his Conſent. But, ſurely, his Sorrow was not very extreme, if the Effects of it only added one Year to his Age. Others have complain'd, of bringing their gray Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave. Our *Cymbeline* ſeems a more temperate Mourner. But we muſt correct, as my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me,
A yare Age on me.
i. e. a ſudden, precipitate, Old Age. For the Word ſignifies not only

That ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yare age on me.
Imo. I beſeech you, Sir,
Harm not yourſelf with your Vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.
Cym. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my Queen.
Imo. O, bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my Throne
A Seat for Baſeneſs.
Imo. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.
Cym. What!——art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt, Sir; heav'n reſtore me! would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh Thing;——
They were again together, you have done
[*To the Queen.*
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beſeech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,

only *nimble, dextrous*, as it is many times employ'd in our Author; but likewiſe, as SKINNER expounds it, *ſervidus, promptus, præceps, impatiens.*

Leave

Leave us t' our ſelves, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Queen. Fie, you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant. How now, Sir? what news?
Piſ. My lord your ſon drew on my maſter.
Queen. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?
Piſ. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I'm very glad on't.
Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!——
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My ſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?
Piſ. On his command; he would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.
Piſ. I humbly thank your Highneſs.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About ſome half hour hence, pray you, ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholſome as That you vent. *Clot.*

Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.——But, good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we hear from him?
Piſ. Be aſſur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
The She's of *Italy* ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter me with Oriſons; (for then
I am in heaven for him;) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Deſires your Highneſs' company.
Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.
Piſ. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, *and a* French *man.*

Iach. BElieve it, Sir, I have ſeen him in *Britaine*; he was then of a crefcent Note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *Items*.

Phil.

Phil. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with That which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, (wherein he muſt be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment———

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her Judgment, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather, than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Poſt. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt.

Poſt. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay, it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have faln both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our Country miſtreſſes: This Gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptable than any the rareſt of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Poſt. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Poſt. Being ſo far provok'd, as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profeſs myſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany*. If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could not believe, ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her; ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt. More than the world enjoys.

Iach.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Miſtreſs is dead or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken; the one may be ſold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you:——

Poſt. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtoln too; ſo, of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail, and the other caſual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy* contains none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair Miſtreſs; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.——

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation: And to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſuaſion; and, I doubt not, you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's That?

Poſt. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: (4) my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my Speeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

(4) ——————*my Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.*

Iach. *You are* a Friend, *and therein the wiſer.*] I am ſure, *Iachimo* talks like none of the *wiſeſt*, in this kind of Reaſoning. But what Ideas, in the Name of Nonſenſe, could the Editors entertain of *Poſthumus* being *a Friend*, becauſe he would not venture to wager his Ring? I correct with Certainty;

You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*

What *Iachimo* ſays, in the Cloſe of his Speech, determines This to have been our Poet's Reading.

But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Iach.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. If I bring you not ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours: ſo is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you ſhall anſwer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate. If ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe; for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for *Britaine*, leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Poſth. *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace in* Britaine.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius *with a Vial.*

Queen. WHILE yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers:

Make haſte.——Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, Madam.

Queen. Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, maſter Doctor, you have brought thoſe drugs?

Cor. Pleaſeth your Highneſs, ay; here they are, Madam;

But I beſeech your Grace, without offence,

(My conſcience bids me ask) wherefore you have

Commanded of me theſe moſt pois'nous compounds?

Which

Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a queſtion; have I not been
Thy pupil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea, ſo,
That our great King himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unleſs thou think'ſt me dev'liſh,) is't not meet
That I did amplifie my judgment in
Other concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their ſev'ral virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highneſs
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noyſome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring raſcal, upon him [*Aſide.*
Will I firſt work; he's for his maſter's ſake
An enemy to my ſon. How now, *Piſanio?*
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam: [*Aſide.*
But you ſhall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.——— [*To* Piſanio.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature. Thoſe, ſhe has,
Will ſtupifie and dull the ſenſe a while;
Which firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,

To

To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Queen. No further ſervice, Doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter; greater; for
His fortunes all lye ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio *looking on the Viol.*
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a farther Good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thyſelf:
(5) Think, what a change thou chanceſt on; but think;———
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon;
Who

(5) *Think what a* Chance *thou* chanceſt *on.*———] I hardly think, our Author would have expreſs'd himſelf thus badly, on no Neceſſity. Both the old *Folio's* read,

Think what a Chance thou changeſt *on.*

But I ſuſpect, there is ſtill a ſlight Error made by the firſt Tranſcriber. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women——
[*Exit* Piſan.
Think on my words——A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her Lord.——I've giv'n him That,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of leidgers for her ſweet; and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, *and Ladies.*

So, ſo; well done, well done;
The violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
Bear to my cloſet; fare thee well, *Piſanio*,
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Piſ. And ſhall do:
But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak myſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Imogen *alone.*

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame falſe,
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband baniſh'd—O, that husband!
My ſupream crown of grief, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it——Had I been thief-ſtoln,
As my two brothers, happy! but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire, that's glorious. Bleſs'd be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,

Think what a Change *thou chanceſt on,*
i. e. if you will fall into my meaſures, do but think how you will chance to change your Fortunes for the better, in the Conſequences that will attend your Compliance.

Which

Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Piſanio, *and* Iachimo.

Piſ. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam;
The worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſs dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare, [*Aſide.*
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the *Parthian*, I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen *reads.*

He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' reſt, and takes it thankfully.——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, faireſt Lady——
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, (6) and the twinn'd ſtones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not

Partition

(6) —— *and the twinn'd Stones*
Upon the number'd *Beach.*] I have no Idea, in what Senſe the Beach, or Shore, ſhould be call'd *number'd.* I have ventur'd, againſt all the Copies, to ſubſtitute

Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other:) Nor i' th' judgment;
(For Idiots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite:) Nor i' th' appetite:
(Slutt'ry, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.)

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire, (that tub,
Both fill'd and running;) ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage———

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well—'Beſeech you, Sir,
[*To* Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ſtrange, and peeviſh.

Piſ. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beſeech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The *Britaine* Reveller.

Upon th' unnumber'd Beach.

i. e. the infinite, extenſive Beach, if we are to underſtand the Epithet as coupled to That Word. But, I rather think, the Poet intended an *Hypallage*, like That in the Beginning of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*:

(In nova *fert Animus* mutatas *dicere formas*
Corpora,)

And then we are to underſtand the Paſſage thus; *and the infinite Number of twinn'd Stones upon the Beach.*

Imo.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries
Oh!——
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be, will his free hours languiſh out
For aſſur'd bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*: but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, Sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, Sir?
You look on me; what wreck diſcern you in me,
Deſerves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I' th' dungeon by a ſnuff?
Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your——but

It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.
Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born;) diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe ev'ry touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: ſhould I, (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britaine.*
Iach. And himſelf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of this change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the greateſt King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—with diſeas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd;

Or

Or ſhe, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd, if this be true?
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe;) if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana*'s Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it:——
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What ho, *Piſanio!*——

Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!——I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'ſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee and the Devil alike. What ho, *Piſanio!*——
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger in his court to mart
As in a *Romiſh* ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all. What ho, *Piſanio!*

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay;
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit! bleſſed live you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance

Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt manner'd, ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties into him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mong men, like a deſcended God;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty Princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i' th' court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; myſelf, and other noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Beſt feather of our wing,) have mingled ſums
To buy a preſent for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My Lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;

I muſt aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to morrow?

Iach. O, I muſt, Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to night.
I have outſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, *and two Lords.*

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the Jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whoreſon jack-an-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aſide.*

Clot. When a gentleman is diſpos'd to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*

Clot. Whorſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? 'would, he had been one of my rank.

2 *Lord.* To have ſmelt like a fool.—— [*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth,—a pox on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queen my mother; every Jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Say'ſt thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordſhip ſhould undertake every compaſſion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordſhip only.——

Clot. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to court to night?

Clot. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus*'s friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go ſee this *Italian:* what I have loſt to day at bowls, I'll win to night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clot.

That

That such a crafty devil, as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs! ——a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. ——Alas, poor Princeſs,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
(7) More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'ld make. ——The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unſhak'd
That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*

(7) *More hateful than the foul expulſion is*
Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
Of the divorce——he'll make the heav'ns hold firm
The Walls of thy dear honour, &c.]

What perpetual proofs occur of theſe Editors' ſtupid Indolence! They cannot afford even to add, or tranſpoſe, a Stop, tho' the Senſe be never ſo much concern'd in it. How would *Cloten*'s Sollicitations, if I might ask theſe wiſe Gentlemen, make the Heavens keep firm *Imogen*'s Honour? Would the Speaker imply, that this Wooer was ſo hateful, worthleſs, a Creature, the Heavens would purpoſely keep her honeſt in Contempt of him? The Author meant no ſuch abſurd Stuff. I dare be poſitive, I have reform'd his Pointing, and by That retriev'd his true Senſe. "This Wooer, *ſays the Speaker*, is more hateful to her than "the Baniſhment of her Lord; or the horrid Attempt of "making that Baniſhment perpetual, by his marrying her in "her Lord's Abſence." Having made this Reflexion, he ſubjoins a virtuous Wiſh, that Heaven may preſerve her Honour unblemiſh'd, and her to enjoy her Husband back, and her Rights in the *Kingdom*.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it, a large trunk.*

Imogen *is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.*

Imo. WHO's there? my woman *Helen?*

Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed——
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee, call me—— sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beseech ye. [*Sleeps.*

[Iachimo *rises from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
And whiter than the sheets? that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss——rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!——'tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct.—But my design's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and such, pictures—there, the window,—such
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures——
Why, such, and such—and the contents o' th' story——
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, t' enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lye dull upon her!

And

And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!——Come off, come off.——
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlipp'ry, as the *Gordian* knot was hard.——
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I' th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where *Philomele* gave up——I have enough.——
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the night! that dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene cloſes.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the Palace, facing* Imogen's *Apartments.*

Enter Cloten, *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* YOUR lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip; you are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would, this muſick would come: I am adviſ'd to give her muſick o' mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter

Enter Muſicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus *'gins ariſe,*
His ſteeds to water at theſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lyes;
And winking Mary-*buds begin*
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady ſweet, ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone——— if this penetrate, I will conſider your muſick the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horſe-hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Muſicians.*

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: he cannot chuſe but take this ſervice I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majeſty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our ſtern daughter? Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I have aſſail'd her with muſicks, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him; ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Queen.

Queen. You are most-bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly sollicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness fore spent on us,
We must extend our notice.——Our dear son,
When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman.* Come, our Queen.
[*Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*
I know, her women are about her——what,
If I do line one of their hands?—'tis gold,
Which buys admittance, (oft it doth,) yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. —— [*Knocks.*

Enter

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?
Clot. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.
Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe tailors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: what's your lordſhip's pleaſure?
Clot. Your lady's perſon; is ſhe ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clot. There is gold for you, ſell me your good report.
Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good? The Princeſs ———

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow, faireſt: ſiſter, your ſweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.
Clot. Still, I ſwear, I love you.
Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.
Clot. This is no anſwer.
Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me—faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing,
Should learn (being taught) forbearance.
Clot. (8) To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin;
I will not.

Imo.

(8) *To leave you in your Madneſs, 'twere my Sin;*
I will not.
Imo. *Fools are not Mad folks.*
Clot. *Do you call me fool?*
Imo. *As I am mad, I do.*

For

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.
Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'th' crown; and must not foil

But does she really call him fool? The soundest Logician would be puzzled to find it out, as the Text stands. The reasoning is perplex'd in a slight Corruption; and we must restore, as Mr. *Warburton* likewise saw,

Fools cure not *Madfolks*.

You are mad, says He, and it would be a Crime in me to leave you to yourself.——Nay says she, why should you stay? A Fool never cur'd Madness.——Do you call me Fool? replies he, *&c.* All this is easy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the Poet's Word, I think, is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately subjoins.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both.

i. e. If you'll cease to torture me with your foolish Sollicitations, I'll cease to shew towards you any Thing like Madness: so a double cure will be effected, of your Folly, and my suppos'd Frenzy.

The

The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth;
A pantler; not ſo eminent——
Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be ſtil'd
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.
Clot. The ſouth-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men. How now, *Piſanio?*

Enter Piſanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——
Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hye thee preſently.
Clot. His garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe——go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm——it was thy maſter's. 'Shrew me,
If I would loſe it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
I ſaw't this morning; confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on my arm; I kiſſed it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiſs aught but him.
Piſ. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo; go, and ſearch.
Clot. You have abus'd me——
His meaneſt garment?——
Imo. Ay, I ſaid ſo, Sir;
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;

She's

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd,——
His meaneſt garment?—— well. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter Poſthumus, *and* Philario.

Poſt. FEAR it not, Sir; I would, I were ſo ſure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Poſt. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh,
That warmer days would come; in theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Auguſtus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commiſſion throughly. And, I think, (9)
He'll grant the tribute; ſend th' arrearages,
Ere look upon our *Romans*, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.
Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, ſooner landed

(9)—————*And, I think,*
He'll grant the Tribute, ſend th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, *whoſe Remembrance*
Is yet freſh in their Grief.]
What a ſtrange looſe Inference do the Editors here make *Philario* guilty of, that *Cymbeline* would do One Thing, or t'other; either ſubmit to pay Tribute, or diſpute the Demand at Sword's Point? Who doubts it? But this was none of the Speaker's Meaning; he would give it as his Thoughts, that the *Britons* would pay, *ere* they would conteſt the Matter: and ſo I have reform'd the Text.

In

In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy of frowning at. Their diſcipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people ſuch
As mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, *Iachimo.*——

Poſt. Sure, the ſwift harts have poſted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Poſt. Welcome, Sir.

Phil. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your Return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

Poſt. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Poſt. Their tenour good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poſt. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

Poſt. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſie.

Poſt.

Poſt. Make not, Sir,
Your loſs your ſport; I hope, you know, that we
Muſt not continue friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant,
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſs my ſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Poſt. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion,
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes
Your ſword or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumſtances
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her bedchamber,———
(Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but profeſs,
Had That was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride:——A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——
Poſt. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More Particulars
Muſt juſtifie my knowledge.

Poſt.

Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing; never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb, out-went her;
Motion and breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The roof o'th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Poſt. What's this t' her honour? (10)
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel; ſee!——

(10) ——————This is *her honour:*
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this, &c.]
Iachimo impudently pretends to have carried his Point; and, in Confirmation, is very minute in deſcribing to the Husband all the Furniture and Adornments of his Wife's Bed-chamber. But how is fine Furniture any ways a Princeſs's Honour? It is an *Apparatus* ſuitable to her Dignity, but certainly makes no part of her Character. It might have been call'd her Father's Honour, that her Allotments were proportion'd to her Rank and Quality. I am perſuaded, the Poet intended *Poſthumus* ſhould ſay; "This particular Deſcription, which you make, "can't convince me that I have loſt my Wager: Your Me-"mory is good; and ſome of theſe Things you may have learned "from a Third Hand, or ſeen yourſelf; yet I expect Proofs "more direct and authentick." I think, there is little Queſtion but we ought to reſtore the place as I have done.
——————What's This t' *her Honour?*

And

And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: Is it That,
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, That:
She strip'd it from her arm. I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.
Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!——
Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.
Post. Very true,
And so, I hope, he came by't?——back my ring;——
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stole.
Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true——nay, keep the ring——'tis true; I'm sure,
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger!——no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of Whore thus dearly;
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselve between you! *Phil.*

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perſuaded well of.———
Poſt. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt,
Worthy the preſſing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiſt it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?
Poſt. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Poſt. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the Turns: once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be ſworn——
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Poſt. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i'th' Court, before
Her father———I'll do ſomething—— [*Exit.*
Phil. Quite beſides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half workers? we are baſtards all;
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd

The

The *Dian* of that time; ſo doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo roſie, that the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——that I thought her
As chaſte, as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour——was't not?——
Or leſs: at firſt? perchance, he ſpoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a *German* one, (11)
Cry'd, oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all——For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them——yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray, they have their Will;
The very Devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

(11) *Like a full-acorn'd Boar,* a churning *on,*]
This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading, without any Authority. *A* Jermen one, *in the firſt Editions*; (ſays He,) *ſince alter'd to a* German one.——And why not, pray? Is not *Weſtphalia* a Part of *Germany?* And where are Boars more delicately fed, or more likely to be rank and hot after the Female, than *German* ones?

ACT III.

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Palace*.

Enter, in State, Cymbeline, *Queen,* Cloten, *and Lords at one door; and at another,* Caius Lucius, *and Attendants.*

CYMBELINE.

NOW ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæſar*, (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britaine*,
And conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan*, thine uncle,
(Famous in *Cæſar*'s praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Julius: Britaine* is
A world by't ſelf; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my liege,
The Kings your anceſtors: together with
The nat'ral Brav'ry of your Iſle; which ſtands,
As *Neptune*'s Park, ribbed and paled in
With oaks unskaleable, and roaring waters;
With Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of Conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame*. With ſhame,

(The

(The firſt, that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coaſt, 'twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh, giglet fortune!) to maſter *Cæſar*'s ſword
Made *Lud*'s town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britons* ſtrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*; other of them may have crook'd noſes, but, to own ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*; I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.——Why, Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? if *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from us with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light; elſe, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This tribute from us, We were free. *Cæſar*'s ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o' th' world, againſt all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
Ourſelves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, who
Ordain'd our Laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the firſt of *Britaine*, which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I'm ſorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*

(*Cæſar*, that hath more Kings his ſervants, than
Thy ſelf domeſtick Officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.——War and Confuſion
In *Cæſar*'s name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For Fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to ſeek of me again perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in arms: a Precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: If you ſeek us afterwards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.——

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remain is, Welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Piſanio, *reading a Letter.*

Piſ. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not,
What monſters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
Oh maſter, what a ſtrange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what falſe *Italian*,
(As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready Hearing!—Diſloyal? no,
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes
More Goddeſs like, than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue. Oh, my maſter!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I ſhould murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy Command!——I, her!——her blood! If

If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. ——How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't* ——— *the letter,*
[*Reading.*
That I have ſent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. ——Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble!
Art thou a fœdarie for this act, and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, *Piſanio?*
Piſ. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who! thy lord? that is my lord *Leonatus:*
Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtronomer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the Future open.——You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content;———(yet not,
That we two are aſunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them, (12)
For it doth phyſick love;)——of his content,
All but in that.——Good wax, thy leave,——Bleſt be
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid*'s tables: good news, Gods!

(12) *Some Griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,*
For it doth phyſick Love of his Content,
All but in That.]
Thus Mr. *Pope* has wiſely pointed this Paſſage in his quarto Edition of our Poet: by which it is demonſtrable, he did not underſtand it. If Grief *phyſicks Love of his Content*, then it purges his Content away, which is by no means our Author's meaning. All the Editions have confounded the Senſe by a bad Pointing: I have reform'd the whole Context to Senſe, and Perſpicuity.

[*Reading.*

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his Dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me; but you, oh the deareſt of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own love will out of this adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love;*

Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* read and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Piſanio,*
Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,
(Oh, let me 'bate) but not like me; yet long'ſt,——
But in a fainter kind—oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of Hearing
To th' ſmoth'ring of the Senſe—how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford:* and, by th' way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T' inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
Till our return, t' excuſe——but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born, or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs: ſay,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me, preſent,

A

A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A *Franklin*'s houſewife.
Piſ. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.
Imo. I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here, (13)
Nor what enſues, but have a fog in Ken,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Foreſt with a Cave, in* Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A Goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that Giants may jet through
And keep their impious Turbands on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We houſe i' th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.
Guid. Hail, heav'n!
Arv. Hail, heav'n!
Bel. Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill,

(13) *I ſee before me, Man, nor here, nor here,*
Nor what enſues; but have a Fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'.]

Where is the Subſtantive, to which this Relative plural, *them*, can poſſibly have any Reference? There is None; and the Senſe, as well as Grammar, is defective. I have ventur'd to reſtore, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies,

——————*but have a Fog in* Ken,
That I cannot look thro'.

Imogen would ſay, "Don't talk of conſidering, Man; I nei-"ther ſee preſent Events, nor Conſequences; but am in a Miſt "of Fortune, and reſolv'd to proceed on the Project deter-"min'd. *In Ken*, means, in proſpect, within Sight, before my Eyes.

Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which leſſens and ſets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war;
That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' neſt; nor know,
What air's from home. Hap'ly, this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known: well correſponding
With your ſtiff age: but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*? how,
In this our pinching Cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing;
We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,

Is

Is certain falling; or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour; which dies i' th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſie at the cenſure:——Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With *Roman* ſwords; and my Report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and this twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeaſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.——But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Guid. *and* Arvir.
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little, they are ſons to th' King;
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.

They think, they're mine; tho' trained up thus meanly (14)
I' th' Cave, there, on the Brow, their thoughts do hit
The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!*——
When on my three-foot-ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, "thus mine enemy fell,
"And thus I ſet my foot on's neck"—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words—The younger brother *Cadwall*,
(Once, *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd.——
Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conſcience know,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they take thee for their mother,

(14) ——————— *tho' train'd up thus meanly*
Here *in the Cave*, wherein *their Thoughts do hit*
The Roof of Palaces.———]

Thus Mr. *Pope*; but the Sentence breaks off imperfectly. The old Editions read,

I' th' Cave, whereon the Bow *their Thoughts do hit*, &c.

Mr. *Rowe* ſaw, this likewiſe was faulty; and therefore amended it thus:

I' th' Cave, where, on *the Bow*, *their Thoughts do hit*, &c.

I think, it ſhould be only with the Alteration of one Letter, and the Addition of another;

I' th' Cave, there, *on the* Brow,——

And ſo the Grammar and Syntax of the Sentence is compleat. We call the *Arching* of a *Cavern*, or *Overhanging* of a *Hill*, metaphorically, the *Brow*; and in like manner the *Greeks* and *Latines* uſed ὀφρὺς, and *Supercilium*.

And

And every day do honour to her Grave;
Myſelf *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

Enter Piſanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now——*Piſanio*,
Where is *Poſthumus?* What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thyſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtayder ſenſes——what's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be ſummer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Piſ. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen *reads.*

THY miſtreſs, Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed: the teſtimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou*, Piſanio, *muſt act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunity at* Milford-Haven. *She hath my letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Piſ.

Pif. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.——No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out venoms all the worms of *Nile*; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the Grave
This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, Madam?

Imo. Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? that falſe to's bed!

Pif. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I falſe? thy conſcience witneſs, *Iachimo*,——
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*
(Whoſe mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Men's vows are womens' traitors.—All good Seeming
By thy revolt, oh, husband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villany: not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pif. Madam, hear me——

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Sinon*'s Weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou, *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword myſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,

The

The riches of it. Do his Bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.
Piſ. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart——
'Something's afore't——ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence;
[*Opening her breaſt.*
Obedient as the ſcabbard!——What is here?
The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*
All turn'd to Hereſie? away, away,
[*Pulling his letters out of her boſom.*
Corrupters of my faith: you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: tho' thoſe, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou, *Poſthumus*,
That ſet my diſobedience 'gainſt the King,
And mad'ſt me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſ-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.——Pr'ythee, diſpatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.
Piſ. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Piſ. I'll break mine eye-balls firſt.
Imo. Ah, wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd

So

So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe Return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Piſ. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak,
I've heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom That. But, ſpeak.

Piſ. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again.

Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Piſ. Not ſo neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.

Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan——

Piſ. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Piſ. If you'll back to th' Court——

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, Nothing, *Cloten*:
That *Cloten*, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.

Piſ.

Pif. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britaine* muſt you 'bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britaine* all the Sun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britaine?* I' th' world's volume
Our *Britaine* ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee, think,
There's living out of *Britaine.*
Pif. I'm moſt glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the *Roman,* comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. (15) Now, if you could wear a Mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That, which, t' appear itſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The reſidence of *Poſthumus;* ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his actions were not viſible,
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. Oh! for ſuch means,
(Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't)
I would adventure.
Pif. Well then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obediance; fear and niceneſs
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage;
Ready in gybes, quick anſwer'd, ſawcy, and

(15) —— *Now, if you could wear a* Mind
Dark as your Fortune is,] But the Diſguiſe of her *Perſon* is the only Thing which *Piſanio* is here adviſing; not that She ſhould ſtifle any Qualifications or Beauties of her *Mind.* I therefore think, we may ſafely read;
—— *Now, if you could wear a* Mien
Dark as your Fortune is,
Or, according to the *French* Orthography, from whence, I preſume, aroſe the Corruption;
Now, if you could wear a Mine. Mr. *Warburton.*

As

As quarrellous as the weazel: (16) nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
Expoſing it (but, oh, the harder Hap!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan*; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Pif. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. 'Would you in their ſerving,
And with what Imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble *Lucius*
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, (17) tell him
Wherein

(16) ——— *nay, you muſt*
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your Cheek;
Expoſing it, (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack, no Remedy.] Now, who does This *harder Heart* relate to? *Poſthumus* is not here talk'd of, beſides, he knew Nothing of her being thus expos'd to the Inclemencies of Weather: He had enjoyn'd a Courſe, which would have ſecur'd her from theſe incidental Hardſhips. I think, common Senſe obliges us to read:

But, oh, the harder Hap!

i. e. the more cruel your Fortune, that you muſt be oblig'd to ſuch Shifts. Mr. *Warburton.*

(17) ——— *tell him,*
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his Head have ear in Muſick, doubtleſs
With joy he will embrace you;] Thus, all the Editions: But, ſurely, the Paſſage is faulty both in the Text and Pointing. *Which will make him know*, what? What Connection has This with the Reſt of the Sentence? *Shakeſpeare* can't be ſuſpected, certainly, of ſo bad a Meaning as this; *If you'll tell him wherein you are happy: That will make him know wherein you're happy*; and yet, This is the only Meaning, I think, the Words can carry, as they now ſtand. I take the Poet's Senſe to be This.

Piſanio

Wherein you're happy; (which will make him ſo,
If that his head have ear in muſick;) doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling That, moſt holy. Your means abroad,
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.
Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Piſ. Well, Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble Miſtreſs,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper.—To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace of* Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, *Queen*, Cloten, Lucius, *and Lords.*

Cym. THUS far, and ſo farewel.
Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence;

Piſanio tells *Imogen*, if She would diſguiſe herſelf in the Habit of a Youth, preſent herſelf before *Lucius* the *Roman* General, offer her Service, and tell him wherein She was *happy*, i. e. what an excellent Talent She had in Singing; this would make him happy, if he had an Ear for Muſick, and he would gladly receive her. For, afterwards, *Belarius* and *Arviragus*, talking of *Imogen*, giving this Deſcription of her, whom they take for a Boy.

Bel. *This Youth, howe'er diſtreſt, ſeems to have had*
Good Anceſtors.
Arv. *How* Angel-like *he* ſings!

And

And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.
Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoak; and for ourſelf
To ſhew leſs Sovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir: I deſire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befal your Grace, and you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So, farewel, noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have croſt the *Severn.* Happineſs!
[*Exit* Lucius, &c.
Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better:
Your valiant *Britons* have their wiſhes in it.
Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;
The Powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britaine.*
Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation, that it ſhould be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*
Queen.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is ſhe, Sir? how
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Serv. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.
Queen. My lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe;
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, That, which I fear,
Prove falſe! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I ſay, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [*Exit.*
Queen. Go, look after——
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus*!——
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing That; for he believes,
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? haply, deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*; gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour; and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Britiſh* crown.

Re-enter

Re enter Cloten.

How now, my ſon?

Clot. 'Tis certain, ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*

Clot. I love, and hate her;—for ſhe's fair and royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out ſells them all: I love her therefore; ——but,
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall——

Enter Piſanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or elſe
Thou'rt ſtraightway with the fiends.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

Piſ. Oh, my good lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Cloſe villain,
I'll have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus*?
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Piſ. Alas, my lord,
How can ſhe be with him? when was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is ſhe, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her.

Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

Clot.

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Diſcover where thy miſtreſs is, at once,
At the next word; no more of *worthy lord.*
Speak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Piſ. Then, Sir,
This paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's ſee't; I will purſue her
Even to *Auguſtus'* throne.

Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aſide.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Piſ. I'll write to my lord, ſhe's dead. Oh, } [*Aſide.*
Imogen,
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Piſ. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry; that is, what villany ſoe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honeſt man; thou ſhouldſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Poſthumus*, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſ. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clot. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit, hither; let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Piſ.

Piſ. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven?*——(I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon;) even there, thou villain *Poſthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of *Poſthumus* in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes——(there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.) He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body;——and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that ſhe ſo prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpiſed me rejoycingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Piſanio, *with a ſuit of cloaths.*

Be thoſe the garments?

Piſ. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't ſince ſhe went to *Milford-Haven?*

Piſ. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender itſelf to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Piſ. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true. To *Milford* go,
And find not her, whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly Bleſſings on her! this fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Foreſt and Cave.*

Enter Imogen, *in boy's cloaths.*

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me. *Milford*,
When from the mountain top *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken.——O *Jove*, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or tryal? yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fulneſs
Is ſorer, than to lie for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, than Beggars. My dear lord!
Thou'rt one o'th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to't——'tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend——ho! no anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavoury; wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth

Finds

Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!
Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.
Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in—— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think,
It were a Fairy.
Guid. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.——

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth,
I have ſtoln nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th' floor. Here's mony for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal; and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Mony, youth?
Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty Gods.
Imo. I ſee, you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have dy'd, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven.*
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir; I have a kinſman, who
Is bound for *Italy:* he embark'd at *Milford*;
To whom-being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I'm faln in this offence.

Bel.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould wooe hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;
And ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome!
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends.

Imo. (18) 'Mongſt friends,
If brothers;—Would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons! then had my prize
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting
To thee, *Poſthumus.* } *Aſide.*

Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.

Guid. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger, Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whiſpering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue

(18) Imo. ——— *'Mongſt Friends?*
If Brothers, 'would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my Father's Sons.]

I cannot think this the Poet's Pointing, and therefore have ventur'd to reform it. *Arviragus* had ſaid, he would love *Imogen* as a Brother, gives her a welcome as ſuch, and tells her, She is fall'n among Friends. —— Among Friends, indeed, replies She very naturally, if I am to ſtand in the Rank of a Brother. Then ſtriking into a private Reflection on having loſt her own Brothers, She wiſhes, theſe Two kind Youths were but her Father's Sons.

Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them; (19) laying by
That nothing-gift of defering multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain. —— Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is falſe.

Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we've ſupp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak.

Guid. I pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to th' lark, leſs welcome!

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rome.

Enter two Roman *Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* THIS is the tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia* are

(19) —— *laying by*
That Nothing-Gift of differing *Multitudes,*
Could not out-peer theſe Twain.]

The only Idea, that *differing* can here convey, is, variable, changing Multitudes; but then what is the Nothing-Gift which they are ſuppos'd to beſtow? The Poet muſt mean, that Court, that obſequious Adoration, which the ſhifting Vulgar pay to the Great, is a Tribute of no Price or Value. I am perſuaded therefore, our Poet coin'd this Participle from the *French* Verb, and wrote

That Nothing-Gift of defering *Multitudes,*

i. e. obſequious, paying Deference. —— Deferer, *ceder par Reſpect à quelcun, obeïr, condeſcendre,* &c. Deferent, *civil, reſpectueux,* &c. RICHELET.

Full

Full weak to undertake our war againſt]
The fall'n off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
Lucius Pro-conſul; (20) and to you, the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commends
His abſolute commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar!*
Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the Forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia?*
1 *Sen.* With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your Levy
Muſt be ſuppliant. The words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Foreſt in* Wales.

Enter Cloten *alone.*

I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (ſaving reverence of the word,) becauſe, 'tis ſaid, a wo-

(20) ——— *And to you, the Tribunes*
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion.]
Commands his *Commiſſion* is ſuch a Phraſe as *Shakeſpeare* would hardly have us'd. I have, by Mr. *Warburton*'s Advice, ventur'd to ſubſtitute;
——— *he* commends
His abſolute Commiſſion,
i. e. he recommends the Care of making this Levy to you; and gives you an abſolute Commiſſion for ſo doing.

man's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman; I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to confer in his own chamber;) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! *Poſthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father, who may happily, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe: out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Front of the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen, *from the Cave.*

Bel. YOU are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come t' you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, ſtay here: [*To* Imogen.
Are we not brothers?———
Imo. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you, truſt me here,

I'll

I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.
Guid. I love thee: I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, Sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love reaſons without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
" My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me!——
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.
Arv. Brother, farewel.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arv. You health——ſo pleaſe you, Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court:
Experience, oh, how thou diſprov'ſt report,——
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh;
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick——*Piſanio*,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the viol.*
Guid. I could not ſtir him;
He ſaid, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arv. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time; go in and reſt.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit* Imogen *to the Cave.*
Bel. And ſhalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
Good anceſtors.
Arv. How angel-like he ſings!
Guid. But his neat cookery!
Arv. He cut our roots in characters;
And ſauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been ſick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh, as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile:
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.
Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their ſpurs together.
Arv. Grow, Patience!
And let the ſtinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the encreaſing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away: who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.——I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o'th' Queen; I fear ſome ambuſh——
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he: we're held as Out-laws; hence.
Guid. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* Belarius *and* Arviragus.
Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? ſome villain-mountaineer.——
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering

A ſlave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.
Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?
Clot. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my cloaths?
Guid. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe cloaths?
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. Cloten, thou villain.
Guid. Cloten, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to th' Queen.
Guid. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clot. Art not afraid?
Guid. Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Die the death!———
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud*'s town ſet your heads;
Yield, ruſtick mountaineer. [*Fight, and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world; you did miſtake him, ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arv. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay, he is ſo fell.
Bel. (21) Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear. But ſee, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, *with* Cloten's *Head*.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't; not *Hercules*

(21) ——— *Being ſcarce made up,*
I mean, to Man, he had not Apprehenſion
Of roaring Terrors; for Defect *of Judgment*
Is oft the Cauſe of Fear.]

If I underſtand this Paſſage, it is mock-reaſoning as it ſtands, and the text muſt have been ſlightly corrupted. *Belarius* is giving a Deſcription of what *Cloten* formerly was; and in Anſwer to what *Arviragus* ſays of *his being ſo fell*. "Ay, ſays "*Belarius*, he was ſo fell, and being ſcarce then at Man's Eſtate, "he had no Apprehenſion of roaring Terrors, i. e. of any thing "that could check him with Fears." But then, how does the Inference come in, built upon this? *For* Defect *of* Judgment *is oft the Cauſe of Fear*. I think, the Poet meant to have ſaid the meer contrary. *Cloten* was defective in Judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehenſions of Fear grow from a Judgment in weighing Dangers. And a very eaſy Change, from the Traces of the Letters, gives us this Senſe, and reconciles the Reaſoning of the whole Paſſage.

——— *For* th' Effect *of Judgment*
Is oft the Cauſe of Fear.

Could

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in;
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And ſet them on *Lud*'s town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge and executioner, all himſelf?
For we do fear the law. What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on; but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. (22) Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worſe; yet not his frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out and ſwear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable

(22) ——— ——— *Tho' his* Honour
Was nothing but Mutation, &c.]

What has his *Honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this Sort? in his acting as a Madman, or not? I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *Humour*, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies; and the Meaning ſeems plainly This. "Tho' he was always "fickle to the laſt degree, and govern'd by *Humour*, not found "Senſe; yet not Madneſs itſelf could make him ſo hardy to at-"tempt an Enterprize of this Nature alone, and unſeconded."

To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,
Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If I do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foreſay it? howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele*'s ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the Queen's ſon, *Cloten*.
That's all I reek. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadſt not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed; I would, revenges,
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us thro'
And put us to our anſwer.

Bel. Well: 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.

Arv. Poor ſick *Fidele!*
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe myſelf for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,

(Their

(Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale——'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them; but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have ſent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſie to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn muſick.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, *Paladour!* it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ſt Mother,
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?——
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Arviragus, *with* Imogen *dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on! I had rather
Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age to ſixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

Guid. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lilly!

My

My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.
Bel. (23) O melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?——thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows, what man thou might'ſt have made; but ah!
Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber!
Not as Death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.
Guid. Where?
Arv. O' th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he ſlept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Guid. Why, he but ſleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.
Arv. With fair'ſt flow'rs,
Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primroſe*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor

(23) *Oh, Melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy Bottom? find
The Ooze, to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh Care
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?]
But as plauſible as This at firſt Sight may ſeem, all Thoſe, who know any thing of good Writing, will agree, That our Author muſt have wrote;
——*to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh* Carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?
Carrack is a ſlow, heavy-built, Veſſel of Burthen. This reſtores the Uniformity of the Metaphor, compleats the Senſe, and is a Word of great Propriety and Beauty to deſign a melancholic Perſon. *Mr. Warburton.*

The

The leaf of *Eglantine*; which not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath. (24) The Raddock would,
With charitable bill, (oh bill, ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a Monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
Thoſe winter-gown thy coarſe.——

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. —— To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, ſing him to th' ground;
As, once, our mother: uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.

Guid. Cadwall,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than Prieſts and Fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, med'cine the leſs. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
Was paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting

(24) —— —— *The Radock would,*
With charitable Bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd Moſs beſides. When Flow'rs are none
*To winter-*ground *thy Courſe*——]

Here, again, the Metaphor is ſtrangely mangled. What Senſe is there in *winter-grounding* a Coarſe with *Moſs*? A Coarſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick Clay. But the Epithet *furr'd* to *Moſs* directs us plainly to another Reading.

*To Winter-*gown *thy Coarſe.*

i. e. Thy Summer Habit ſhall be a light *Gown* of *Flowers*, thy Winter Habit a good warm *furr'd Gown* of *Moſs*. Mr. *Warburton*.

Together,

Together, have one duſt; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt: Brother, begin.
Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th' Eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Guid. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.
Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' th' Great,*
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.
Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ſtone.*
Guid. *Fear no ſlander, cenſure raſh.*
Arv. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers, muſt*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No exorciſer harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghoſt, unlaid, forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both.

Both. *Quiet consummation have,*
And renowned be thy Grave!

Enter Belarius, *with the body of* Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'th' night,
Are strewing fitt'st for Graves.——Upon their faces——
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees——
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen, *awaking.*

Imo. Yes. Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?—
I thank you——by yond bush?——pray, how far thither——
'Ods pittikins——can it be six mile yet?——
I've gone all night——'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow.——Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't——I hope, I dream;
For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!——the garments of *Posthumus?*
I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *jovial* face——
Murther in heaven?——how!——'tis gone!——
Pisanio!——

All

All curſes madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou, conſpiring with that devil *Cloten*,
Haſt here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous!——Damn'd *Piſanio*
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd *Piſanio!*——
From this the braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top! oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's That? ah me, where's That?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left his head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio?*—
'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he ſaid, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murth'rous to th' ſenſes? that confirms it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

Enter Lucius, *Captains, and a Soothſayer.*

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in *Gallia*,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea, attending
You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships:
They are in readineſs.
Luc. But what from *Rome?*
Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of *Italy*, moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.
Luc. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpoſe?
Sooth. Laſt night, the very Gods ſhew'd me a viſion.

I

(I fast; and pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove*'s bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false! ——— Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a page! ———
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he,
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same;

Thy

Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his Grave,
And on it said a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest dazied Plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A Grave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes:
Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords, and* Pisanio.

Cym. AGain; and bring me word, how 'tis with her;
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee

By

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains: why, gone;
Nor when she purposes Return. 'Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousie
Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with large supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my Son and Queen!——
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put these Powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.——Away.—— [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him. *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betide to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens still must work;
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest: not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find, I love my Country,

Ev'n

Ev'n to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them?
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd. [*Ex.*

SCENE *changes to the Foreſt.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Guid. THE noiſe is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt or for *Britons* ſlay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural Revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newneſs
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not known, nor muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a Render
Where we have liv'd: and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In ſuch a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you ſee,) not were him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;

The

The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſie your cradle promis'd;
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.

Guid. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your ſelf
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arv. By this Sun that ſhines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe ſave one, that had
A rider like my ſelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his beſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans!*

Arv. So ſay I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation) ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long: their blood thinks ſcorn
'Till it flie out, and ſhew them Princes born. [*Exe.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Field between the* Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Poſthumus, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſht,
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married
Ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther wives much better than themſelves
For wrying but a little? oh, *Piſanio!*
Every good ſervant does not all Commands;
No bond, but to do juſt ones,——Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; ſo had you ſaved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more:—you ſome permit (25)
To

(25) ——————*you ſome permit*
To ſecond Ills with Ills, each worſe than other,
And make them dread it, *to the* Doers' *thrift.*] The Divinity-Schools have not furniſh'd juſter Obſervations on the Conduct of Providence, than *Poſthumus* gives us here in his private Reflections. You Gods, ſays He, act in a different manner with your different Creatures;
You ſnatch ſome hence for little Faults; that's Love;
To have them fall no more.
Others, ſays our Poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increaſe in Crimes,
And make them dread it, *to the* Doers' *Thrift.*
Here's a Relative without an antecedent Subſtantive; which is a Breach of Grammar. We muſt certainly read,
And

To second ills with ills, each worse than either,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift. ——
But *Imogen*'s your own; do your best wills,
And make me blest t'obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough,
That, *Britaine*, I have kill'd my mistress: Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit my self
As do's a *Briton* peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
My self I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my Habits shew;
Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me!
To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army at one door; and the* British *army at another:* Leonatus Posthumus *following like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish* Iachimo, *and* Posthumus; *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom,
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The Princess of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn;

And make them dreaded, *to the* Doers' *Thrift.*
i. e. others you permit to aggravate one Crime with more: which Enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their Advantage. Dignity, Respect, and Profit, accrue to them from Crimes committed with impunity.

If

If that thy gentry, *Britaine*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are Gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly,* Cymbeline *is taken; then enter to his reſcue,* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, *and ſeconds the* Britons. *They reſcue* Cymbeline, *and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and* Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thy ſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Part of the Field of Battel.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and a* ~~British~~ *lord.*

Lord. CAm'ſt thou from where they made thee Stand?
Poſt. I did.
Though you it ſeems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought: the King himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britaine* ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtraight lane, the enemy full-hearted
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through fear, that the ſtraight Paſs was damn'd
With

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poſt. Cloſe by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,
(An honeſt one, I warrant,) who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads, more like to run
The country Baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,)
Made good the paſſage, cry'd to thoſe that fled,
"Our *Britaine*'s Harts die flying, not our men;
"To darkneſs fleet ſouls, that fly backwards! ſtand;
"Or we are *Romans*, and will give you That
"Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
"But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand."——Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing;) with this word, "Stand, ſtand,
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own Nobleneſs, which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance) gilded pale looks;
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit-renew'd; that ſome, turn'd coward
But by example, (oh, a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' th' chaſer, a retire; anon,
A rout, confuſion thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles: ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome, their friends
O'er-borne i' th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,

Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty;
Thoſe, that would die or ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.
Lord. This was ſtrange chance,
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
Poſt. Nay, do but wonder at it; you are made (26)
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
" *Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy) a lane,*
" *Preſerv'd the* Britons, *was the* Romans' *bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Poſt. Lack! to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhimes.
Lord. Farewel, you are angry. [*Exit.*
Poſt. This is a lord——oh noble miſery,
To be i' th' field, and aſk what news, of me!
To day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtruck. This ugly monſter,——
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we,
That draw his knives i' th' war——Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the *Briton*,
No more a *Briton*, I've reſum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall

(26) *Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made*
Rather to wonder at the Things you hear,
Than to work any.]

Sure, this is mock reaſoning with a Vengeance. What! becauſe he was made fitter to wonder at great Actions, than to perform any, is he therefore forbid to wonder? *Not* and *but* are perpetually miſtaken for one another in the old Editions.

Once

Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the anſwer be,
Britons muſt take. For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for *Imogen*.

Enter two British *Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken!
'Tis thought, the old man, and his ſons, were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A *Roman*———
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of *Rome* ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ſervice,
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and* Roman *captives. The captains preſent* Poſthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Goaler. After which, all go out.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Poſthumus, *and two goalers.*

1 *Goal.* YOU ſhall not now be ſtoln, you've locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find paſture.
2 *Goal.* Ay, or ſtomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*
Poſt. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o' th' gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' ſure phyſician, death; who is the key

T' unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd,
More than my ſhanks and wriſts; you good Gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is't enough, I'm ſorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy—Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfie, (27)
I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogen*'s dear life, take mine: and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp;

(27) ——— *To ſatisfy,*
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all.]

Nonſenſe has one happy Property, in That one needs not many Words to be made ſenſible of it; but 'tis, in this reſpect, like Light, perceiv'd as ſoon as ſhewn. Such is the glaring Nonſenſe of theſe Lines. What we can diſcover from them is this, that the Speaker, in a Fit of Penitency towards Heaven, compares his Circumſtances with a Debtor's, who is willing to ſurrender up all to appeaſe his Creditor. This being the Senſe in general, I may venture to ſay, the true Reading muſt have been thus.

——— *To ſatisfy,*
I d'off *my Freedom*; *'tis the main part*; *take*
No ſtricter Render of me than my all.

The Verb *doff* is too frequently uſed by our Author to need any Quotations in Proof; and, ſurely, here with peculiar Elegance, i. e. "To give all the Satisfaction I am able to your "offended Godheads, I voluntarily diveſt myſelf of my "Freedom: 'Tis the only Thing I have worth offering by "way of Atonement, take no ſtricter Render of me than my "All. Mr. *Warburton.*

Though

Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather, mine being yours: and ſo, great Powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. ——— [*He ſleeps.*

Solemn muſick: Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round, as he lies ſleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
That thy Adulteries
Rates and revenges.——
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.
Whoſe father, *Jove!* (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art;)
Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me my *Poſthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity!———
Sici. Great Nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o' th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britaine* where was he,
That could ſtand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,

In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one?
Sweet *Imogen!*——
Sici. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſie,
And to become the geek and ſcorn
O' th' other's villany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely and were ſlain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy Deity.
2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice flie.

Jupiter

Jupiter *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunderbolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!——how dare you, Ghosts,
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress,
No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trvals well are spent;
Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: rise, and fade!
He shall be lord of lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
[Jupit. *drops a tablet.*
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so away;——no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine;
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder, his cœlestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter!*

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh scorn!

Gone—— they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born:
And ſo I am awake-- Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.——But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve;
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers;
As good as promiſe.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britaine *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: (do either both, or nothing;—)
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for ſympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Poſt. So if it prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are

are paid too much; purſe and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction, you ſhall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice; you have no true debtor and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Poſt. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or to take upon yourſelf that, which, I am ſure, you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knock off his manacles, bring your priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* Poſthumus *and Meſſenger.*

Goal. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for

all he be a *Roman:* and there be some of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of goalers and gallowſes; I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, *and lords.*

Cym. STAND by my ſide, you, whom the Gods have made
Preſervers of my Throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor Soldier, that ſo richly fought,
(Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms; whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before ſhields of proof,) cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.
Bel. I never ſaw (28)
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Luck.
Cym. No tydings of him?
Piſ. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,

(28) —— —— *I never ſaw*
Such noble Fury in ſo poor a Thing;
Such precious Deeds in one that promis'd Nought
But Bygg'ry and poor Looks.]

But pray, how can it be ſaid, that one, whoſe *poor Looks* promiſe *Beggary*, ſhould promiſe *poor Looks* too? No; it was not the poor Look that was promiſed: That was viſible. We muſt read with Certainty:

But Begg'ry and poor Luck.

This ſets the Matter entirely right, and makes *Belarius* ſpeak Senſe and to the purpoſe. For there was the extraordinary Thing; he promis'd Nothing but *poor Luck*, and yet perform'd ſuch Wonders. *Mr. Warburton.*

But

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, (the liver, heart, and brain of *Britaine*;)
[*To* Bel. Guid. *and* Arvirag.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Arise my Knights o' th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, *and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o' th' Court of *Britaine*.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confest,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd, she never lov'd you: only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your Place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not

Believe

Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs,
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew: yes, and in time,
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her ſon into th' adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs, deſperate; open'd in deſpight
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes: repented,
The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected: ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been vicious
To have miſtruſted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *and other* Roman *priſoners*; Leonatus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not, *Caius*, now for Tribute; That
The *Britons* have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you, their Captives, which ourſelf have granted.
So, think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, Sir, the chance of war; the day

Was

Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cold, have threatned
Our Priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman*'s heart can ſuffer.——
Auguſtus lives to think on't——And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat: my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like; let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your Highneſs
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I've ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To ſay, "live, boy:" ne'er thank thy maſter, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for itſelf.

Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?

Cym. What would'ſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's

What's beſt to ask. Know'ſt thou him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highneſs: who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?
Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you pleaſe.
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: walk with me, ſpeak freely.
[Cymbel. *and* Imo. *walk aſide.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One ſand another (29)
Not more reſembles, than He th' ſweet roſie lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?
Guid. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm ſure,
He would have ſpoke t' us.
Guid. But we ſaw him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee furrher.
Piſ. 'Tis my miſtreſs——— [*Aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [Cymb. *and* Imog. *come forward.*
Cym Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud,—Sir, ſtep you forth,
[*To* Iachimo.

(29) ——— *One ſand another*
Not more reſembles that *ſweet roſie Youth*
Who dy'd and was Fidele.]

A ſlight corruption has made ſtark Nonſenſe of this Paſſage. One Grain of Sand certainly might reſemble another; but it could never reſemble a human Form. I believe, I have reſtor'd the Poet's Meaning; The Verſe is none of the ſmootheſt: but, *reſembles* muſt be pronounc'd as a *diſſyllable.*

Give

Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our Greatneſs and the Grace of it,
Which is our Honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood.—On; ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken That,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I'm glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh: and (which more may grieve thee
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember,——give me leave, I faint.——
Cym My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock,
That ſtruck the hour;) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The manſion where) 'twas at a feaſt, (oh, 'would
Our viands had been poiſon'd? or at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*——
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones)——ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of *Italy* (30)

For

(30) *Hearing us praiſe our Loves of* Italy
For Beauty, *that made barren the ſwell'd Boaſt*
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for Feature, *laming*

The

For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd Boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for Stature, laming
The ſhrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; beſides that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye———

Cym. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly.—This *Poſthumus*,
(Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.

Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity;——there it begins:
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!———
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt This which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring

The ſhrine of Venus, *or ſtrait-pight* Minerva,
Poſtures, beyond brief Nature;———]

As plauſible as this Reading may appear at firſt View, I dare ſay, it is ſlightly corrupted. What! did they praiſe their Miſtreſſes for *Beauty*, and for *Feature* too? The Symmetry of Features is always one main part of Beauty. Then why ſhould Features be ſaid to *lame* a Statue, or the *Poſtures* of a *well-built* Goddeſs; We muſt certainly reſtore

———*for* Stature *laming*
The Shrine of Venus, *&c.*

This agrees perfectly well with, *laming*, *ſtrait-pight*, and *Poſtures*: and ſo the Lady is prais'd for her Beauty, her Shape, and her Temper of Mind.

By

By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britaine*
Poſt I in this deſign: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of Hope, not Longing, mine *Italian* brain
'Gan in your duller *Britaine* operate
Moſt vilely: for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
(Oh, cunning! how I got it) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks, I ſee him now———

Poſt. Ay, ſo thou doſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend! ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in Being,
To come——oh, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou, King, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy daughter;——villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was ſhe, yea, and She herſelf.———
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o'th' ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and

Be

Be villany leſs than 'twas!—— Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen,*
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Poſt. Shall's have a Play of this!
Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part.

[*Striking her, ſhe falls.*

Piſ. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your miſtreſs—— Oh, my lord *Poſthumus!*
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſt. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?

Piſ. Wake, my miſtreſs!

Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Piſ. How fares my miſtreſs?

Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Piſ. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter ſtill?

Imo. It poiſon'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have, ſaid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no eſteem; I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ſeize

The

The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys, there was our error.——
Guid. This is, ſure, *Fidele.*
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.
Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?
Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [*To* Guid. *Arvir.*
Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen,*
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm ſorry for't, my lord.
Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Piſ. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord *Cloten,*
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went,
It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to *Milford:*
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.
Guid. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.

Cym.

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children——
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while ——
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius:*
This gentleman, my *Cadwall, Arviragus*,
Your younger princely ſon; he, Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe Nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. Oh what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'ſt loſt by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brothers;
When ye were ſo, indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Guid. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which

Diſtinction

Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
(31) Why fled you from the court? and whither?—Theſe,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is ſev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoak the temple with our ſacrifices.
Thou art my brother; ſo we'll hold thee ever. [*To Bel.*
Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!
Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save theſe in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.
Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd

(31) *Why fled your from the Court, and* whether *theſe?*] By a ſtrange Negligence, in all the Editions, this Paſſage is ſtark Nonſenſe. One Part of the miſtake made is in the Word, *whether*: and another, is, in the *falſe Pointing*. It muſt be rectified thus;

Why fled you from the Court? and whither? *Theſe*, &c.

The King is asking his Daughter, how She has liv'd ſince her Elopement from the Court; when She enter'd herſelf in *Lucius*'s Service; how ſhe met with her Brothers, or parted from them; why She fled from the Court, and to what Place: And having enumerated ſo many Particulars, he ſtops ſhort, and cries, "All theſe circumſtances, and the Motives of *Belarius*, *Guide-*"*rius*, and *Arviragus* to the Battle, together with a Number "more of Occurrences by the Eye, I want to be reſolv'd in."

The

The thankings of a King.

Poſt. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The ſoldier, that did company theſe three,
In poor Beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finiſh.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
And then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but, your ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt Princeſs,
That ever ſwore her faith.

Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poſt. Your ſervant, Princes. Good my lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothſayer*. As I ſlept, methought,
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I 'wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[*Reads.*]

WHEN as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be

be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britaine *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* Cymb.
Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier:* which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This has ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Perſonates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two ſons forth: who, by *Belarius* ſtol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe Iſſue
Promiſes *Britaine* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promiſing,
To pay our wonted tribute; from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's juſtice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the viſion,
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battle, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft,
Leſſen'd herſelf, and in the beams o' th' ſun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked ſmoaks climb to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt altars! publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *Britiſh* Enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud*'s town march:
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on, there: Never was a War did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a Peace.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

H. Gravelot in Vol: 7. P. 315. G. V.ca Gucht Sculp.

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lies the ſcene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *ſent their ſhips,*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth tow'rd Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ranſack Troy; *within whoſe ſtrong Immures,*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps; and That's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come*———
And the deep-drawing Barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *plains,*
The freſh, and yet unbruiſed, Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave Pavilions. Priam's *ſix Gates i' th' City,* (1)
(Dardan, *and* Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
And Antenorides,) *with maſſy ſtaples*

(1)——— Priam's ſix-*gated City*
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, *Trojen,*
And Antenoridan, with maſſy Staples
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts
Stirre *up the Sons of* Troy.] This has been a moſt miſerably mangled Paſſage, thro' all the Editions: corrupted at once into falſe Concord, and falſe Reaſoning. *Priam*'s ſix-gated *City ſtirre* up the Sons of *Troy?*———Here's a Verb *plural* govern'd of a Nominative *ſingular*. But that is eaſily remedied. The next queſtion to be ask'd, is, In what Senſe a City having ſix ſtrong gates, and thoſe well barr'd and bolted, can be ſaid to *ſtir up* its Inhabitants? unleſs they may be ſuppos'd to derive ſome Spirit from the Strength of their Fortifications. But this could not be the Poet's Thought. He muſt mean, I take it, that the *Greeks* had pitch'd their Tents upon the Plains before *Troy*; and that the *Trojans* were ſecurely barricaded within the Walls and Gates of their City. This Senſe my Correction reſtores. To *ſperre*, or *ſpar*, from the old *Teutonic* Word, (ſperren) ſignifies, to *ſhut up*, *defend* by *Bars*, &c.

And

And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperre up the ſons of Troy.——
Now expectation tickling skittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our Argument;)
To tell you, (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning i' th' middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play.
Like, or find fault,——do, as your pleaſures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,
} TROJANS.

A baſtard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Therſites,
Calchas,
} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in love with* Paris.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Propheteſs.*
Creſſida, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in love with* Troilus.

Alexander, Creſſida's *Man.*
Boy, Page to Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy; *and the* Grecian *Camp, before it.*

Troilus and *Creſſida.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Palace in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

ALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry, the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do.
At *Priam*'s royal table do I ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!——when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me;
I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s—well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not (as they term it) praiſe her—but I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but,——

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe——O that! her hand!
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cignet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughmen. This thou tell'ſt me;

(As,

(As, true thou tell'ſt me;) when I ſay, I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt, in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo, I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus,*——

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds! Fools on both ſides,—*Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword:
But *Pandarus!*—O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſt againſt all ſute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes, a pearl:

Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf the merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus?* wherefore not i'th' field?
Troi. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?
Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.
Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*
Æne. Troilus, by *Menelaus.*
Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn:
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to day?
Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But to the ſport abroad——are you bound thither?
Æne. In all ſwift haſte.
Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of* Troy.

Enter Creſſida, *and* Alexander, *her Servant.*

Cre. WHO were thoſe went by?
Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen.*
Cre. And whither go they?
Ser. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the Virtue, fix'd, to day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer;
And like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſs-dight, (2)

And

(2) *Before the Sun roſe, he was* harneſt light,] Why harneſt *light?* Does the Poet mean, that *Hector* had put on *light Armour?* Or that he was *ſprightly* in his Arms, even before Sunriſe?

And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Ser. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the *Greeks* A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*, They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lyon, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

---

riſe? Or is a Conundrum aim'd at, in *Sun* roſe, and harneſt *light*? A very ſlight Alteration makes all theſe Conſtructions unneceſſary, and gives us the Poet's meaning in the propereſt Terms imaginable.

Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſs-dight,

i. e. compleatly dreſt, accoutred, in Arms. It is frequent with our Poet, from his Maſters *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*, to ſay *dight* for *deck'd*; *pight*, for *pitch'd*; &c. and from them too he uſes *Harneſs* for Armour.

Ser.

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus.*

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus.*

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid*; what do you talk of? (3) Good morrow, *Alexander*;—how do you, couſin? when were you at *Ilium?*

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium? Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. Hector was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays, here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

(3) *Good morrow, couſin* Creſſid; *What do you talk of?* Good morrow, ALEXANDER;——*How do you, couſin?*] *Good morrow,* Alexander——is added in all the Editions, ſays Mr. *Pope*, very abſurdly, *Paris* not being on the Stage.——Wonderful Acuteneſs! But, with Submiſſion, this Gentleman's Note is much more abſurd: for it falls out very unluckily for his Remark, that tho' *Paris* is for the Generality, in *Homer* call'd *Alexander*; yet, in this Play, by any one of the Characters introduc'd, he is call'd nothing but *Paris.* The Truth of the Fact is this. *Pandarus* is of a buſy, impertinent, inſinuating Character; and 'tis natural for him, ſo ſoon as he has given his Couſin the good morrow, to pay his Civilities too to her Attendant. This is purely *ἐν ἤθει*, as the Grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable Touch of *Pandarus*'s Character. And why might not *Alexander* be the Name of *Creſſid*'s Man? *Paris* had no Patent, I ſuppoſe, for engroſſing it to himſelf. But the late *Editor*, perhaps, becauſe we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have ſo eminent a Name proſtituted to a common *Valet.*

Cre.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus!*——*Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter!* there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector?* do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, *Troilus* is *Troilus*,

Cre. Then you say, as I say; for, I am sure, he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor *Troilus!* I 'would, he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; 'would, he were himself! well, the Gods are above; time must friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!——no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Neice; *Helen* herself swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess) not brown neither——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much; if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure, ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſs-window; and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter ——

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. Juno, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then——but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.——

Cre. Troilus will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

Pan. Troilus? why, he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: one and fifty hairs, (4) quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

(4) Two *and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white Hair is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sons.*] The Copyiſts muſt have err'd here in the Number; and I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *one* and *fifty*, I think, with ſome Certainty. How elſe can the Number make out *Priam*, and his fifty Sons?

Pan.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs towards *Ilium?* good neice, do; ſweet neice *Creſſida.*

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Æneas paſſes over the ſtage.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *paſſes over the ſtage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon; when comes *Troilus?* I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall have more.

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector!* look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good;——look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there! there's no jeſting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris *paſſes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godſlid, it does one's heart

heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who ſaid, he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha? 'would, I could ſee *Troilus* now; you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel, where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*——I think, he went not forth to day: that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*, no——yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus!* there's a man, neice——hem——brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus!* look well upom him, neice, look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*?——*Paris* is dirt to him, and, I warrant, *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look; ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws, I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well——why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt, that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out,——

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecreſie, to defend mine honeſty; my maſk to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe; and at all theſe wards I lye, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand-fold I ſee,

Than

Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; the ſoul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought, that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when Deſire did ſue:
Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beſeech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of That ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. PRINCES,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: Checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our Suppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years' ſiege, yet *Troy*-walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our Works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found

In

In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by it ſelf,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godlike Seat, (5)
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd Bark thro' liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſawcy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune. For in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when ſplitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; the thing of courage,
As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,

(5) *With due Obſervance of thy* goodly *Seat,*] *Goodly* is an Epithet carries no very great Compliment with it; and *Neſtor* ſeems here to be paying Deference to *Agamemnon*'s State and Preeminence. The old Books have it,——*to thy* godly *Seat*; *godlike*, as I have reform'd the Text, ſeems to me the Epithet deſign'd; and is very conformable to what *Æneas* afterwards ſays of *Agamemnon*;

Which is that God *in Office, guiding Men?*

So *godlike Seat* is here, State ſupreme above other Commanders.

Returns

Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyſſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece,*
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up: hear, what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway, [*To* Aga.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life, [*To* Neſt.
I give to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians'* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou great, and wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca:* we leſs expect,
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen.
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector's* ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the General is not like the hive,
To whom the Foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,

Muſt be the ſcale commandment of a King,
Sand with all good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny!
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure! Oh, when *degree* is ſhaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high deſigns)
The enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
(But by degree) ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude ſon would ſtrike his father dead:
Force would be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong
(Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice reſides)
Would loſe their names, and ſo would Juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite (an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up it ſelf. Great *Agamemnon!*
This Chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick

Of

Of his Superior, grows to an envious fever,
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is ſick.
Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?
Ulyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the fore-hand of our Hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs Deputation he puts on;
And, like a ſtrutting Player, (whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd-footing and the ſcaffoldage)
Such-to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted Seeming
He acts thy Greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd:
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
Cries——excellent!——'tis *Agamemnon* juſt——
Now play me *Neſtor*——hum, and ſtroke thy beard,
As he, being dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done——as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels; as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, excellent!
'Tis *Neſtor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age

Muſt

Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, " O!—enough, *Patroclus*——
Or " give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
" In pleaſure of my ſpleen." And, in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a pace,
As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an Oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no Act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work Mapp'ry, cloſet war: (6)

(6) *They call this* bed-work, mapp'ry, *cloſet War,*] The Poet in my Opinion, would ſay, This is planning out Action and War, as a Man might do on his Pillow, and in his Cloſet. If ſo, *bed-work* muſt be the Epithet to *Mappery*, as *cloſet* is to *War*: and therefore I have expung'd the Comma, which ſeparated the Firſt from its Subſtantive. So *Guiderius*, in *Cymbeline*, ſpeaking of an unactive Life, ſays it is

A cell of Ignorance; travelling a-bed.

So

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?

Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus:*
Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*

Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls, (7)
Good

(7) *But when they would ſeem Soldiers, they have Galls,*
Good Arms, ſtrong Joints, true Swords, and Jove's *Accord,*
Nothing ſo full of heart.] Can the Poet be ſuppos'd to mean, that the *Trojans* had *Jove's* Accord whenever they would ſeem Soldiers? No; certainly, he would intimate that nothing was ſo full of heart as they, when that God did but ſhew himſelf on

Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, *Jove*'s Accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*;
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himſelf brings the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourſelf *Æneas?*

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.

[*The trumpets ſound.*

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,

their Side. This Circumſtance, added, brings no Impeachment to their Courage: Valour would become Preſumption and Impiety in them, if they had truſted to it when *Jove* manifeſtly declared himſelf on the other Side. My Regulation of the Pointing fixes the Poet's Senſe; and 'tis every where his Manner to mention the Concurrence of the Deity ſuppos'd.

That

That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his beſt to do it)
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance;——even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*,
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector*'s Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!
Ulyſſ. *Amen.*
Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:

Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſſ. Neſtor,———
Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Ulyſſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.
Neſt. Well, and how now?
Ulyſſ. This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as Subſtance, (8)

(8) *The Purpoſe is conſpicuous ev'n as Subſtance,*
Whoſe Groſſneſs little Characters ſum up,
And in the Publication make no Strain:] The modern Editors, 'tis plain, have lent each other very little Information upon this Paſſage: Τυφλὸς τυφλῷ ὁδηγὲς, as the Proverb ſays; *the Blind have led the Blind.* As they have pointed the Paſſage, 'tis ſtrange Stuff; and how they ſolv'd it to themſelves, is paſt my Diſcovery. That little Characters, or Particles, ſum up the Groſſneſs of any Subſtance, I conceive: but how theſe Characters, or Particles, *make no Strain in the Publication*, ſeems a little harder than *Algebra*. My Regulation of the Pointing, brings us to clear Senſe; "The Aim and Purpoſe of this "Duel is as viſible as any groſs Subſtance can be, compounded "of many little Particles:" And having ſaid thus, *Ulyſſes* goes on to another Obſervation; "And make no Difficulty, no Doubt, "when this Duel comes to be proclaim'd, but that *Achilles*, dull "as he is, will diſcover the Driſt of it." This is the Meaning of the laſt Line. So afterwards in this Play, *Ulyſſes* ſays,

I do not ſtrain *at the Poſition,*

i. e. I do not heſitate at, I make no Difficulty of it.

Whoſe

Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles?* though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt Repute
With their fin'ſt palate: and truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our Choice;
And Choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To feel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my Speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this]

Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.
Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?
Ulyſſ. What Glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry;
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The Sort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong ourſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of Senſe aſſumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.
Neſt. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him ſtraight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

AJAX.

THERSITES,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. Therſites,——

Ther.

Ther. And those boiles did run——say so——did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!——

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou biteh-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you unwinnow'd'st (9) leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handsomness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toad's stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina*'s Beauty: ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress *Thersites!*——

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

(9) *Speak then, you* unsalted *Leaven, speak;*] This is a Reading obtruded upon us by Mr. *Pope*, that has no Authority or Countenance from any of the Copies; nor that approaches in any Degree to the Traces of the old Reading, *you whinid'st* Leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the Emendation, which I have coin'd out of it, gives us a sense apt and consonant to what *Ajax* would say——"Thou Lump of sour "Dough, kneaded up out of a Flower unpurg'd and unsifted, "with all the Dross and Bran in it."——

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whorſon cur!——— [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!——

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou ſodden-witted lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy lord.

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his idiot! do rudeneſs; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you this? How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

[Ajax *offers to ſtrike him*, Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther.

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*———

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not ſo much wit———

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo — a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites*?

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes* and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere your Grandſires had nails on their toes,) (10) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

(10) *There*'s Ulyſſes, *and old* Neſtor, *whoſe Wit was mouldy ere* their *Grandſires had Nails on their toes,*] This is one of theſe Editors wiſe Riddles. This is no Folly of *Theſites*'s venting. What! Was *Neſtor*'s Wit mouldy, before his Grandſire's Toes had any Nails? that is, was the Grandſon an old Man, before the Grandfather was out of his Swathing-cloaths? Prepoſterous Nonſenſe! and yet ſo eaſy a Change, as one poor Pronoun for another ſets all right and clear.

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; to, *Achilles!* to, *Ajax!* to—

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace, when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus,*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clotpiotes, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Hoſt,
That *Hector,* by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy,*
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, farewel.

Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry: otherwiſe He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes to* Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks:*
Deliver *Helen,* and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector,* what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fears
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety,

Surety

Surety ſecure; but modeſt Doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a ſcale
Of common ounces; will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons;
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother Prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous;
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Greçian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a ſtar diſorb'd!——Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect.

Heft. But Value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the God;
And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my will diſtaſte what is elected)
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks*:
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the Ports deſir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt,
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants ———
If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, ineſtimable!) why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!

That

That we have ſtolen what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtol'n,
Who in *their* country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

Enter Caſſandra, *with her hair about her ears.*

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry; practiſe your eyes with tears.
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of Divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* ſons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen

To

To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the Gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain, as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd;
When *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both said well: (11) But

(11) Paris *and* Troilus, *you have both said well*;
And *on the Cause and Question now in hand*
Have glos'd, but superficially.] I can never think that the Poet

But on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As, it is known, ſhe is) theſe moral laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood

Poet expreſs'd himſelf thus: 'Tis abſurd to ſay, that People have talk'd *well*, and yet but *ſuperficially* at the ſame time. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute a *Diſjunctive* inſtead of the *Copulative*, by which we gain this commodious Senſe: "You have argued "*very well* in the *general*, but have gloz'd too *ſuperficially* upon "the *particular* Queſtion in Debate.

Spent

Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*.———
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits.
I was advertiz'd, their great General ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the army crept:
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before* Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

HOW now, *Therſites?* what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! 'would, it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'ſfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone ach, for that, methinks,

thinks, is the curſe dependent on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers, and devil Envy ſay Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'ſt not have ſlip'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion ——— why haſt thou not ſerved thyſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon!*

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patr. Thy lord, *Therſites:* then tell me, I pray the what's thyſelf;

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus:* then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You raſcal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator;——it ſuffices me, thou art.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites*. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch jugling, and ſuch knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the ſubject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his tent, but ill-diſpos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſhent our meſſengers, and we lay by (12)
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo, leſt, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place;
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by

(12) *He ſent our Meſſengers:*] Who ſent, in the Name of Accuracy? What! did *Achilles* ſend the Meſſengers, who were ſent by *Agamemnon*? I make no doubt, but the Poet wrote;

He ſhent our Meſſengers;

i. e. rebuked, ill-treated, rated out of his Preſence.

my

my head, 'tis pride; but why; why?—let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my lord. [*To* Agamemnon.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites?*

Ulyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel, that a fool could diſunite,

Ulyſ. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie; His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus;*
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outflie our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues
(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs!
And, like fair fruit in an unwholſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him; and you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note

Of

Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-go in an obſerving kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
His courſe and times, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report,
" Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping giant; tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter.
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

Re-enter Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Aga.

Aga. What's his excuſe?
Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.
Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?
Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: he's poſſeſt with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.
Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.
Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,) ſhall he be worſhip'd
Of That, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!
Neſt. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.
Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!

Ajax.

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride; let me go to him.

Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry inſolent fellow ———

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſ. The raven chides blackneſs.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind———

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſ. He would have ten ſhares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple,——

Neſt. He's not yet through warm; (13) force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man——but 'tis before his face———
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

(13) Ajax. *I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple,* he is not yet through warm.

Neſt. *Force him with praiſes*; &c.] The latter part of *Ajax*'s Speech is certainly got out of Place, and ought to be aſſign'd to *Neſtor*, as I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe it. *Ajax* is feeding on his Vanity, and boaſting what he'll do to *Achilles*; he'll paſh him o'er the Face, he'll make him eat Swords; he'll knead him, he'll ſupple him, &c. *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* ſlily labour to keep him up in this Vein; and to this End *Neſtor* craftily hints, that *Ajax* is not warm yet, but muſt be cram'd with more Flattery.

Ajax.

Ajax. A whorſon dog! that palters thus with us—
Would he were a *Trojan!*
Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——
*Uly*ſ. If he were proud.
Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.
*Uly*ſ. Ay, or ſurly borne.
Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected.
*Uly*ſ. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields
To ſinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's *Neſtor*,
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:
But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
*Uly*ſ. Ay, my good ſon.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.
*Uly*ſ. There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great General
To call together all his State of war;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy:* to morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.
Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, Paris's *Apartments in the Palace, in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Muſick within.*]

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord *Paris?*

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of grace.

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend: honour, and lordſhip, are my titles:
What muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Pan.

Ser. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invifible ſoul,

Pan. Who, my couſin *Creſſida?*

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out That by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady *Creſſida*. I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair Deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them; eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear Queen; my lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but, marry thus, my lord;——my dear lord, and moſt eſteemed Friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-ſweet lord,——

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to——

Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſower offence. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no—

Pan. And, my lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer *Creſſida*.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why ſhould you ſay, *Creſſida*? no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy——

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, ſweet lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.
Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore.
Theſe lovers cry, oh! oh! they dye:
Yet That, which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe!
Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.
Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?——Sweet lord, who's afield to day?
Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faia have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?
Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, lord *Pandarus*.
Pan. Not I, honey ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?
Par. To a hair.
Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.
Helen. Commend me to your neice.
Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*
Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam*'s Hall,
To greet the warriors——Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector:* his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,

Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector*.
Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *an Orchard to* Pandarus's *Houſe*.

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man*.

Pan. NOW, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?
Ser. No, Sir, he ſtays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?
Troi. Sirrah, walk off.
Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?
Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid*.
Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight. [*Exit* Pandarus.
Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it inchants my ſenſe; what will it be,
When that the watry palates taſte, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come ſtraight: you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, we'll put you i'th' ſiles: Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight? an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the Miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river? (14) go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what, billing again? here's, in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably — come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

(14) *The Faulcon* has *the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River.*] This Reading firſt got Place caſually, as I preſume, in Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition; and was implicitly follow'd by Mr. *Pope*. But they both deprave the Text. *Pandarus*, ſeeing *Troilus* kiſs with Fervour, and *Creſſida* meet his Kiſſes with equal Zeal, means, that he'll match his Neice againſt her Lover for any Bett. The *Tercel* is the *male* Hawk; by the *Faulcon*, we generally underſtand the *Female*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſht me thus?

Cre. Wiſht, my lord! the Gods grant——O my lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid*'s Pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtruoſity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able; and yet reſerve an ability, that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſtrous?

Troi. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent; we will not name deſert before his birth, and, being born, his addition ſhall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſida*, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet? *Cre.*

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the firſt glance that ever——pardon me——
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant:
I love you now; but not till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it——in faith, I lie——
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother; ſee, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet good faith, I wiſht my ſelf a man:
Or that We women had men's privilege,
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.

[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd;——O heavens, what have I done!——
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to morrow morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth
Out-living Beauties outward: with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſuaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as Truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!
When Right with Right wars who ſhall be moſt right.
True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies: truth, tired with iteration,

As true as ſteel, as Planets to their Moons, (15).
As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truth's authentick author to be cited)
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterleſs are grated
To duſty Nothing; yet let Memory,

(15)——*as Planets to the* Moon.] *Plantage* is certainly very juſtly thrown out, as a Reading of no Senſe or Truth; and yet the Text is a little corrupted, and muſt be help'd thus;

——*as Planets to* their Moons.

He fetches here his Compariſons of true Love from the Sympathy or Affection of the ſeveral Parts of Nature. *As true as Steel*——I know, by this Phraſe, Men generally mean as true as a well-temper'd Sword is to the Hand of the Warrior: but I am perſuaded, the Phraſe had another Original; and that was, from obſerving its ſtrange Affection to the *Loadſtone*.——But other *Planets*, beſides the *Earth*, (before the Time of our Author,) were diſcover'd to have their *Moons* which revolv'd round them. *Jupiter* has four Moons, and *Saturn* five. The Aſtronomers, ſometimes call'd theſe, *Moons*; and ſometimes, *Satellites*. Sometimes, when they ſpoke of the Moon, they call'd it the Earth's *Satellite*: and when they ſpoke of the *Satellites* of the other Planets, they call'd them *Jupiter*, or *Saturn*'s Moons. Their conſtant unerring Attendance on their reſpective Planets made this *Phænomenon* very proper for Compariſons: tho' properly ſpeaking, as it is here put, it is inverted; for it ſhould be, *as true as* Moons *to their* Planets.——Becauſe the Moons depend on their Planets, not the Planets on their Moons. But that this inverted Order is nothing with *Shakeſpeare*, is plain from many Places of his Works; and particularly from the immediate following Words, *As Sun to Day*—— which is likewiſe in the ſame manner inverted: for the Day depends on the Sun, and not the Sun on the Day. Mr. *Warburton*.

From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid.*———

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.———Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars:* let all conſtant men be *Troilus's*, all falſe women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers-between *Pandars*; ſay, Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a bed-chamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Ajax, Menelaus *and* Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompenſe: appear it to you,
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.

I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.
Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.
Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore;)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his Manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a Prince o'th' blood, a ſon of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter: and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.
Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange:
Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.
Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *before their Tent.*

Ulyſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th' entrance of his Tent,
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:
I will come laſt; 'tis like, he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent on him:
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy.*
Aga. What ſays *Achilles?* would he aught with us?
Neſt. Would you, my lord, aught with the General?
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing, my lord.
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What does the cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*
Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax.*
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*
Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?*
Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles,*
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late;
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders),
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the Fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:

Fortune

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes*.
I'll interrupt his reading.——Now, *Ulyſſes*?
Ulyſ. Now, *Thetis'* ſon!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.
Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes*.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf
Not going from itſelf; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee its ſelf; this is not ſtrange.
Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in, and of, him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or, like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*——

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe?
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth? now ſhall we ſee to morrow
An Act, that very Chance doth throw upon him;
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes;
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;
For they paſſed by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyſ. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
(A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes)
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: Perſeverance keeps Honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt? keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or turn aſide from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lye,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject near, o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours.

For

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer; Welcome ever smiles,
And farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all, with one consent, praise new-born Gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt, (16)
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted:
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The Cry went once for thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. 'Gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

(16) *And* go *to dust, that is a little gilt,*
More Laud than Gilt *o'er-dusted.*] In this mangled Condition do we find this truly fine Observation transmitted, in the old *Folio's*. Mr. *Pope* saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the Text; because he would not *indulge his private Sense* in attempting to make Sense of it. I owe the Foundation of the Amendment, which I have given to the Text, to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

Ulyss.

Ulyſ. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful State,
Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive Deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almoſt, like the Gods,
Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery (with which relation
Durſt never meddle) in the Soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hector*'s ſiſter did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my lord—I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown
Is not more loath'd than an effemmate man
In time of act.—— I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think; my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouſe your ſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold;
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*!——

Patr. Ay. and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a Commiſſion to a Blank of Danger;
And Danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints

Even

Even then, when we ſit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus*:
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the Combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's Longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.——A labour ſav'd!

Enter Therſites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgeling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be!

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twould out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, good morrow, *Ajax*: And he replies, thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites*.

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll anſwer nobody; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*——tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe Conduct for his Perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd, captain general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, *&c.* Do this.

Patr. Jove bleſs great *Ajax!*

Ther. Hum! ———

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum———

Patr. And to procure ſafe Conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. Agamemnon!——

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus: what muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Street in* TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, *with a torch; at another,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede; Grecians, *with Torches.*

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the lord *Æneas.*
Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too: good morrow, lord *Æneas.*
Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*; take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all queſtion of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and th'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, ſo long, health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will flie (17)
With

(17) *And thou ſhalt hunt a Lion that will fly*
With his Face back in humane gentleneſs.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his great Sagacity pointed this Paſſage in his firſt Edition, not deviating from the Error of the old Copies. What Conception he had to himſelf of a Lion *flying in humane Gentleneſs*, I won't pretend to affirm: I ſuppoſe, he had the Idea of *as gently as a Lamb*, or as what our Vulgar call an *Effex* Lion, a Calf. If any other

With his face backward.—In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to *Troy*——Now, by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome, indeed!——by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his Fate be not the Glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting;
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfreed *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid*.
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte thee before. I conſtantly do think,
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* borne from *Troy*.
Par. There is no help;

other Lion fly with his face turn'd backward, it is, fighting all the way as he retreats: And in this Manner it is, *Æneas* profeſſes that he ſhall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the Symptoms of *humane Gentleneſs*! My Correction of the Pointing reſtores good Senſe, and a proper Behaviour in *Æneas*. As ſoon as ever he has return'd *Diomede's* Brave, he ſtops ſhort and corrects himſelf for expreſſing ſo much Fury in a Time of Truce; from the fierce Soldier becomes the Courtier at once; and, remembring his Enemy to be a Gueſt and an Ambaſſador, welcomes him as ſuch to the *Trojan* Camp.——

The

The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
My ſelf, or *Menelaus?*
Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat-tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her Country: hear me, *Paris*,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. DEAR, trouble not your ſelf; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle [down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates. *Troi.*

Troi. Trouble him not———
To bed, to bed——sleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſie day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night has been too brief.

Troi. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
Tedious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry——you men will never tarry——
O fooliſh *Creſſida*——I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. [*within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I ſhall have ſuch a life ———

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid; where's my couſin *Creſſida?*

Cre. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay, what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*,—(18) haſt not ſlept to night? would he not (a naughty man)

(18) *A poor* Chipochia,] This Word, I am afraid, has ſuffer'd under the Ignorance of the Editors, for it is a Word in no living Language that I can find. *Pandarus* ſays it to his Neice,

man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?——'would, he were knock'd o'th' head!—— who's that at door?——good uncle, go and ſee!——My lord, come you again into my chamber: ——you ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha———

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing. How earneſtly they knock—pray you, come in. [*Knock.* I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here. [*Exe.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door; how now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas?* by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pan. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn; for my own part, I came in late: what ſhould he do here?

Æne. Pho!——nay, then:——come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As* Pandarus *is going out,*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh; there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus,*

Neice, in a jeering Sort of Tenderneſs, upon her having *made wanton the Night* with *Troilus*, as our Author expreſſes it in his *Othello*. He would ſay, I think in *Engliſh*——*Poor* Innocent! *Poor* Fool! *ha'ſt not ſlept to Night?* Theſe Appellations are very well anſwer'd by the *Italian* Word *Capocchio*: for *Capocchio* ſignifies the thick Head of a Club; and thence metaphorically, a Head of not much Brain, a Sot, Dullard, heavy Gull.

The

The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida*.

Troi. Is it concluded ſo?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the ſecret'ſt things of Nature (19)
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: the Devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor!* I would they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. What ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadſt ne'er been born: I knew, thou would'ſt be his death. O poor

(19)——————*The* Secrets of Nature
Have not more Gift in Taciturnity.] This is the Reading of both the Elder *Folio's*: but the firſt Verſe manifeſtly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. *Pope* ſubſtitutes
The Secrets of Neighbour *Pandar*,
If This be a Reading *ex fide Codicum* (as he profeſſes all his various Readings to be) it is founded on the Credit of ſuch Copies, as it has not been my Fortune to meet with. I have ventur'd to make out the Verſe thus;
The Secret'ſt Things *of Nature*, &c.
i. e. the *Arcana Naturæ*, the Myſteries of Nature, of occult Philoſophy, or of religious Ceremonies. Our Poet has Alluſions of this Sort in ſeveral other Paſſages.

gentleman!

gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!*——

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of Conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very Crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death, (20)
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the ſtrong Baſe and Building of my Love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.——I'll go and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [*Exe.*

SCENE, *before* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,

(20)——*Time and Death*
Do to this Body, &c.]
The firſt *Folio* reads,
Time, orce *and Death*,
When the Second Impreſſion came to be publiſh'd, the Editors, I preſume, were at a Loſs, and ſo ſunk the Word upon us which they could not make out. There is no Doubt, but the Poet wrote;
Time, Force, *and Death*,
i. e. The Compulſion of Fate; That, which the Latines call'd *Vava Neceſſitas*.

Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Troi. Walk into her houſe;
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!
Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. BE moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than That
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs:

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a, ſweet duck!—
Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus!*
Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too:
Oh heart, (as the goodly ſaying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again;

Becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?
Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,

(More

(More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.
Cre. Have the Gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.
Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?
Troi. A hateful truth!
Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?
Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.
Cre. Is it poſſible?
Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.
Æneas. [*within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?
Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* Pandarus.
Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians*?
Troi. No remedy.
Cre. A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks*?
When ſhall we ſee again?
Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—
Cre. I true! how now? what wicked Deem is this?
Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:———
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to Death himſelf,

That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear, why I ſpeak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon——
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not?

Troi. Die I a villain then!——
In this, I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant,
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive Devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to our ſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas [*within.*] Nay, good my lord, ——

Troi. Come, kiſs, and let us part,

Paris [*within.*] Brother *Troilus*, ——

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,

And

And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My lord, will You be true?
Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault;
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion:
I, with great truth, catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.
Diom. Lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee, (21)
By praising her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

(21) *To shame the* Seal *of my Petition tow'rds thee*
By praising her.] There is great Room for hesitating at this Expression. To *shame* the *Seal* of a Petition, carries no sensible Idea that I can find out. The Change of a single Letter makes *Troilus*'s Complaint apt and reasonable; and the Sense is this: "*Grecian*, you use me discourteously; you see, I am a *passionate* "Lover, by my Petition to you; and therefore you should not "shame the *Zeal* of it, by promising to do, what I require of "you, for the Sake of her *Beauty*: when, if you had good Manners, or a Sense of a *Lover*'s Delicacy, you would have promised to do it in Compassion to his *Pangs* and *Sufferings*."
Mr. *Warburton*.

I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my Charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Diom. Oh, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a Speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour——— no.

Troi. Come, to the Port——I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This Brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand——and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!

Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Diom. Let me make ready ſtrait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *&c.*

Aga. HERE art thou in appointment freſh and fair, (22)

(22) *Here art thou in Appointment freſh and fair,*
Anticipating Time. With ſtarting Courage,
Give with thy Trumpet, &c.] I have alter'd the Pointing of this Paſſage for this Reaſon: The Poet ſeems to mean, that *Ajax* ſhew'd his ſtarting Courage in coming into the Field before the Challenger.

Anticipating

Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*.

Ulyſ. No trumpet anſwers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?

Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate;
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, *with* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida*?

Dio. Ev'n ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady.

Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

Ulyſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.

Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Ulyſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!

Patr. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs——this mine——
Patroclus kiſſes you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir; lady, by your leave,——

Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.———
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'th' head.
Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Uly. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Uly. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why, beg then.
Uly. Why then, for *Venus*' ſake, give me a kiſs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his———
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Uly. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe!
Dio. Lady, a word——I'll bring you to your Father.
[Diomede *leads out* Creſſida.
Uly. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body:
Oh, theſe Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
They give a Coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader: ſet them down
For ſluttiſh Spoils of Opportunity,
And Daughters of the Game. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans*' trumpet!
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.
Æne Hail, all the State of *Greece!* what ſhall be done
To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the Knights

Shall

Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done, (23)
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And That, which looks like pride, is courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan*, and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,

(23) Agam. *'Tis done like* Hector, *but ſecurely done*;] It ſeems abſurd to me, that *Agamemnon* ſhould make a Remark to the Diſparagement of *Hector* for Pride, and that *Æneas* ſhould immediately ſay, *If not* Achilles, *Sir, what is your Name?* and then deſire him to take Notice, that *Hector* was as void of Pride as he was full of Valour. Why was *Achilles* to take Notice of this, if it was *Agamemnon* that threw this Imputation of Pride in *Hector*'s Teeth? I was fully ſatisfied, that this Reproach on *Hector* ought to be placed to *Achilles*, as I have ventur'd to place it; and conſulting Mr. *Dryden*'s Alteration of this Play, I was not a little pleas'd to find that I had but ſeconded the Opinion of that Great Man in this Point.

Or elſe a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.
Uly∫. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?
Uly∫. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word:
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me.
[*Alarum.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.
Troi. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd; there, *Ajax*.
[*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Dio. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;
A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter

Bounds

Bounds in my fire's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member,
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms:
Hector would have them fall upon him thus,——
Couſin, all honour to thee!——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*!
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* ſo mirable,
(On whoſe bright creſt, Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Agamemnon *and the reſt of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy:
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,

What's

What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of Oblivion.
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O—you, my lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus*' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon——I offend.
Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft,
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
Bravely deſpiſing forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i'th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. This I've ſeen:
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good;
But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt.

Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſie.
Hect. I would, they could.
Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time——
Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſie.
Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My propheſie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.
Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, lord *Ulyſſes*;——thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns!

Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question; stand again.——
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well.
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that smithied *Mars* his helm, (24)
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have stomach. The general State, I fear,

(24) *But by the Forge that* stythied Mars *his helm,*] So, again, in *Hamlet*;

And my Imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's Stithy.

A *Stithy*, or *Stith*, signifies an *Anvil*. So CHAUCER in his *Knight's Tale.*

——*and the Smith*
That forgith sharpe Swords on the Stith.

And the word is still current in our Northern Counties. But, I own, I suspect this not to have been our Author's Word, either in *Hamlet* or here. For in the first Place, an Anvil is far from being the dirtiest thing in a Smith's Shop; and then the Forge, or Furnace, cannot be said to *anvil* the Helmet. I have corrected;

But by the Forge that smithied Mars's *helm.*

A *Smithy* is the working Shop of a Smith; and to *smithy*, is, to perform the Work and Office of a Smith.

Can-

Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector?*
To morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To night, all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector's* leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him
To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?
Ulyſ. At *Menelaus'* Tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid.*
Troi. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?
Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *before* Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.
Patr. Here comes *Therſites*.

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy? (25)
Thou cruſty botch of Nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of idiot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy*.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?
Ther. Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male varlet.
Patr. Male varlet, you rogue? what's that?
Ther. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of

(25) *How now, thou core of Envy?*
Thou cruſty batch *of Nature,*] Thus all the printed Copies: but what is a *cruſty* batch *of* Nature? We muſt certainly read, *Botch*; i. e. Scab, Sore, &c. So, before, in the Beginning of the 2d *Act*.
And thoſe Boils did run——ſay ſo;——Did not the General run, were not that a botchy Core?

impoſt-

impoſthume, ſciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

Ther. No, why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial skein of ſley'd ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou? Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrow's battle:
Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it;
Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent.
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Ex.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails, (26) but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and

(26) *And one that loves* Quails,] This I take to be an obſcure Paſſage, not very commonly underſtood, and therefore may deſerve a Note of Explanation. *Therſites* is every where ſcurrilous, and ſcandalous in his Obſervations upon the *Greeks*. He abuſes *Menelaus* for a ſtupid Cuckold; and with the ſame Freedom, I apprehend, here he is charging *Agamemnon* with being a *Wencher*; in ſaying, he is a Lover of *Quails*. But what Conſonance, may it not be ask'd, is there, betwixt *Quails*, and a Miſtreſs? *Rabelais*, in the Prologue to his 4th Book, ſpeaks of *Cailles*.

and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, (the primitive ſtatue and oblique memorial of cuckolds;) a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not, to be the loweſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*———

Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, *Neſtor, and* Diomede, *with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*; welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night. *Ajax* commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, ſweet lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught—ſweet, quoth a——ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to Thoſe

That go or tarry.

Caille coiphée migonnement chantant: which *Motteux*, I find, has tranſlated, *Coated* Quails, *and laced* Mutton, *waggiſhly ſinging*,—(Of *laced Mutton* I have already ſpoken in a Note on the Two *Gent. of Verona*:) And *Cotgrave*, in his *French* Dictionary, ſeems to have had his Eye on this Paſſage, when he explains *Caille coiffée*, Woman.

Aga.

Agu. Good night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*, Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord, I have important buſineſs, The tide whereof is now; good night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas*' tent: I'll keep you company. [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomede*'s a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes; he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after—Nothing but letchery; all inconvinent varlets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Calchas's *Tent.*

Enter Diomede.

Dio. WHAT are you up here, ho? ſpeak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomede; *Calchas* I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troi. Creſſid come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?

Ulyſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther.

Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Uly. Liſt.——

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forſworn—

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Uly. How now, *Trojan?*

Cre. *Diomede*,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy Better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague, and madneſs!

Uly. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Uly. Good my lord, go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.

Uly. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.

Dio. And ſo, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee; O wither'd truth!

Uly. Why, how now, lord?

Troi.

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian——why, *Greek*——
Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go? You will break out.
Troi. She ſtrokes his cheek.——
Ulyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles theſe together! fry, letchery, fry!—
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet lord,
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.——
Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſ. My lord,——
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly, I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it well;——
He lov'd me;—O falſe wench!——Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all ye Gods!—O pretty, pretty, pledge
Thy maſter now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee——(27) [Diom. *ſnatches the ſleeve.*
Nay, do not ſnatch it from me:
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede*: faith, you ſhall not, I'll give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?
Cre. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was?
Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will. But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Cre. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder, And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my helm, And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn, It ſhould be challeng'd.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not—I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel. Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Cre. You ſhall not go;——one cannot ſpeak a word, But it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?
Cre. Ay, come:——O *Jove*!——do, come:——— I ſhall be plagued.
Dio. Farewel 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cre. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.

(27) *As I kiſs thee.*
Dio. *Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.*
Cref. *He that takes That, muſt take my Heart withal.*] Dr. *Thirlby* thinks, this ſhould be all plac'd to *Creſſida*. She had the Sleeve, and was kiſſing it rapturouſly: And *Diomede*, in kiſſing her, ſnatches it back from her.

Troilus,

Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.——
Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyſ. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears; (28)
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?

Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*

Troi. She was not, ſure.

Ulyſ. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.

Ulyſ. Nor mine, my lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn critics, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*

Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done, Prince, that can ſoil our mothers?

(28) *That doth invert* that Teſt *of Eyes and Ears.*] *What* Teſt? *Troilus* had been particularizing none in his foregoing Words, to govern or require the *Relative* here. I rather think, the Words are to be thus ſplit;

That doth invert th' Atteſt *of Eyes and Ears,*

i. e. That turns the very Teſtimony of Seeing and Hearing againſt themſelves.

Troi.

Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this was ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomede's Creſſida.*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt thyſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not, *Creſſid.*
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne's* broken woof to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as *Pluto's* gates!
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heav'n itſelf!
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd:
And with another knot five-finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede.*
Ulyſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion does expreſs?
Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well;
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*——ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul——
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede.*
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a caſk compos'd by *Vulcan's* ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty Sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword

Falling

Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Ulyſ. O, contain yourſelf:
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord,
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous lord, adieu.
Farewel, revolted Fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!

Ulyſ. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace of* Troy.

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. WHEN was my lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admonitment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlaſting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to day.

Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here, ſiſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.
Caſ. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.
Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heav'ns, ſweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.
Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.
And. O! be perſuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by theſts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector*.
Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to day?
And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſuade.
[*Exit* Caſſandra.
Hect. No, faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.
Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.
Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fool's play, by Heaven, *Hector*.

Hect.

Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruteful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troi. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Enter Priam *and* Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy Stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. But thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.
Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* Androm.

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Caf. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look, how thou dieft; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! O *Hector*!

Troi. Away!——Away!——

Caf. Farewel: yet, soft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou doft thy self and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the Gods with safety stand about thee! [*Alarum.*

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorson ptifick, a whorson rascally ptifick so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ach in my bones that unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she, there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart:
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you——

Troi.

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and ſhame (29)
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Field between* Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarum*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſter villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs Errant. O'th' other ſide, (30) the policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. —They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to day; whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft — here comes ſleeve, and t'other.
Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*,

(29) *Hence, brothel, lacquey!*——] In this, and the Repetition of it, towards the Cloſe of the Play, *Troilus* is made abſurdly to call *Pandarus*——*bawdy-houſe*; for *Brothel* ſignifies nothing elſe that I know of: but he meant to call him an Attendant on a Bawdy-houſe, a Meſſenger of obſcene Errands: a Senſe which I have retriev'd, only by clapping an *Hyphen* betwixt the two Words.

(30) *O'th' other Side, the Policy of thoſe crafty* ſwearing *Raſcals*, &c.] But in what Senſe are *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* accus'd of being *ſwearing* Raſcals? What, or to Whom, did they ſwear? I am poſitive, I have reſtor'd the true Reading. They had collogued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with ſincere Praiſes, only in Order to have ſtir'd *Achilles*'s Emulation. In this, they were true Sneerers; betraying the firſt, to gain their Ends on the latter by that Artifice.

I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*; now for thy whore, *Trojan*: now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek!* are thou for *Hector's* match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee——live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightning me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle——yet, in a ſort, letchery eats it ſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe,
Preſent the fair Steed to my lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord,

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon:* baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the Kings,
Epiſtrophus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers: haſte we, *Diomede*,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now, here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* has loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Re-

Re enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus,* ſhew thy head!

Re enter Diomede.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*
Ajax. What wouldſt thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhouldſt have my Office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus,* I ſay, what! *Troilus?*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, *Diomede.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks,* have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus?* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt, [*Fight.*
Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſie, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My Reſt and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en *Æneas;* ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,

He

He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*,
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep your ſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye,
It is decreed——*Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho.

[*Ex.* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam*'s.

Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.

Baſt.

Baſt. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exit.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!——
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the Sun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.

[*They fall upon* Hector, *and kill him.*

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wings of night o'erſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?

Neſt. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*

Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga.

Æne. March haſtily along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended. [*Exe.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.

All. Hector! ——— the Gods forbid?

Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and ſmile at *Troy!*
I ſay, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the Hoſt.

Troi. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him, that will a ſcrietch-owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it ſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth Goblins ſwift as Frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free March to *Troy!* with comfort go:
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey; ignominy, ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Strikes him.* [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet at work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo lov'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?——let me ſee——

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths—
As many as be here of *Pandar*'s Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s Fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled gooſe of *Winchester* would hiſs;
Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

The End of the Seventh Volume.